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SKETCH-MAP OF DURHAM COUNTY.

THE COUNTY OF DURHAM

CHAPTER I

THE COUNTY

DURHAM has a flavour all its own. It can only be detected by one out of a hundred among those who visit the city and race through the "sights," and it can only be known in its fulness to those born and bred in the princely county. Even they cannot always fully appreciate it until absence and remoteness has cleared their faculties for a renewed sampling.

There are few English people who could name off-hand the principal points of any given county in the Midlands not actually known to them, but almost every one in the land would enumerate at once the Cathedral and Coal as the salient points of Durham. There is far more in it than these, though these alone are enough to give it a character unrivalled among the counties of England.

There is, for instance, the unequalled power of the Prince-Bishops of old, who united in themselves the Spiritual and Temporal Lordship, which included the appointment of judges and the defence of their lands against invaders from the north to balance their Episcopal functions. Beyond the Tees the King's Writ ran not, as many a hunted fugitive, gaining the northern shore of the river at Croft, knew full well.

Then Durham can show an array of Castles to be found nowhere else in such a small area, the Bishop's castles included, though that at Durham itself is now given over to the University. Raby, Auckland, Lumley, Lambton, Brancepeth, Witton, Streatlam, Hilton, Ravensworth—all these and others stand in a county only 673 square miles in extent.

There is, besides, the aroma of sanctity arising from the earliest Christian establishments in the island; Monkwearmouth and Jarrow, with the cathedral—still affectionately called the "abbey" by the grammar-school boys—embody the very beginning of holy things in the land. The names of those great saints, Cuthbert and Bede, belong to Durham, and for centuries the abbey church was the favourite place of pilgrimage, until St.

Thomas' tomb in Canterbury outshone it in popularity.

The first passenger railway, Stockton to Darlington, was laid in Durham; the first life-boat was launched from South Shields in 1790.

The earliest known coal-mines were started in this area. The workings go back to time immemorial, and from 1354 we have documentary evidence that systematic working was in action. The Durham (and Northumberland) Miners' Union stood long aloof from the rest of England, and in 1891, no less than seventeen years before the Eight Hours' Bill became law, the Durham hewers had secured a still shorter day on the double-shift system, with all its doubtful advantages for themselves.

These details are a powerful argument for Durham's claim to pre-eminence; the county stands out so signally by reason of no single one of them, but by a combination of all.

Perhaps in spirit and character the Durham men are more nearly allied to the Northumbrians than their other neighbours. Yet the Northumbrian is akin to the Scot on the other side, and Durham characteristics have nothing in common with those of Scotsmen. With the men of Cumber-

land, too, they have little kinship, for the fells and fastnesses have imprinted a different minting on the hill-dwellers. The Yorkshiremen to the south resemble the men of Durham in being hard-headed and shrewd, but their outlook is broader and their humour more genial; Dunhelmians have little humour as a rule; they enjoy broad horse-play and rough wit, but subtlety is rarely found.

The County apart from the City is less known than it should be. The general impression seems to be that what is not City is coal-area, and this is fostered by the fact that the City is in the midst of the coal-bearing area, so that those who visit it pass at length through the mining section and see naught else. But the idea does less than justice to a county most beautiful in its wilder parts.

Visualise Durham. It is triangular in shape, a triangle lying on its side, with its base on the sea betwixt Tyne and Tees. The apex, amid the Cumbrian hills, is truncated, and measures some ten miles in width. The Tees starts from Cross Fell slopes ten miles outside the limit, and forms the southern boundary of the County for the rest of its course to the sea. On the north, the Tyne from its mouth for eighteen miles inland does a similar service. But at Wylam the boundary dips

LEXINGTON

MEADOWS NEAR BISHOP AUCKLAND.

southward and, cutting across, leaving a triangle of ground enclosed on the western bank, strikes the Derwent, and then follows that river (a tributary of the Tyne) for sixteen miles, or very nearly to its source. Are there many people who could correctly place this river Derwent between Durham and Northumberland ?

Across the county runs the Wear, cutting it into two fairly equal pieces, though its own course is most erratic. It starts within the centre of the blunt apex, and runs on a fairly even east (south-east) course as far as Bishop Auckland, through all that country which was once primeval forest haunted by herds of deer and wild boar, and other shy creatures, so that the hunting of the Bishop and his retinue must have been real sport. From Auckland, with a right-angled turn, the Wear pursues that most unusual course for a river, northward, through the city of Durham, circling the scarped peninsula whereon are reared Castle and Cathedral. Thereafter with many a similar horseshoe curve it runs between the castles of Lumley and Lambton, and thence directs itself north-eastward to the sea.

Roughly, most of the coal-bearing strata are to be found in the basin of the Wear. Between

Newcastle and Barnard Castle—names significant of the fighting days when strongholds were essential for security of life and property—lies the coal district. Consider it as a more or less upright oblong or rectangle, with breadth from Houghton-le-Spring on the east to Consett on the west, and the picture gained will be not far from the truth. There are outlying areas beyond Tyne and Derwent which do not concern us; and breaks in continuity by wedges and lines in the solid mass elsewhere, but a black oblong lying across the heart of the County gives a true enough picture.

By far the greater part of the rest of the area is made up of limestone, and lime is one of the agents that produces the grandest kind of scenery. Magnesian limestone lines the coast and covers a solid block inland; so that in places the cliffs are carved fantastically into caves, and tunnels, and arches. But in the southern stretch sand dunes prevail, and throughout the length of coastline green headlands and slopes break the not very imposing cliffs.

On the other side of the coal-bearing district is found carboniferous limestone. Lead-mining is as ancient an industry as coal-getting. About Stanhope and Frosterley in the Wear Valley the

limestone quarried is of so fine a grain and pure a texture that it is called marble, and the same is true of the stone found at Pallion, near Sunderland, on the sea-coast. Very useful is this fine stone for the better buildings in the towns.

A strip of land of a totally different character borders the mouth of the Tees, where salt is worked. Then an outcrop of basalt up near the head-waters of the same river has brought into being some scenery which can hold its own with any in England. Here the brown water sweeps with force through narrow channels between immense blocks of stone, and tears through ravines to fall over precipices in a thundering flood.

Thus we have a summarized picture of the County as far as the surface goes. The coast, with its limestone cliffs, a healthy playground for the holiday makers of the great industrial towns and their children, though it never rises to any mighty heads that could vie with Beachy or Flamborough. In the midst, a coal-area, studded with villages, unlovely in themselves, and carrying in their teeming population sure destruction to any rare or wild life. Besides the devastating human element there is also to be considered the coal-smoke and the stythe from the coke-ovens and

brick-kilns which stunt the once luxuriant growth of trees and plants; and the noisome tar and oil which escapes down the smaller waterways, poisoning life in them and about their banks. It is an odd commentary on the penalties of industrial prosperity that Durham, even still famous in its wilder reaches for rare plants, should in the most inhabited part show such a scarcity of even the commonest of living things. The low and scanty hedgerows are sparsely decorated with hawthorn, wild rose or bramble in their seasons; the plain dull green of the fields is at its best sprinkled with cowslips, daisies and buttercups. Joy it is to childish hearts to pounce on a few scanty "cuckoo-flowers," scabious or marsh-mallow; eyes are never gladdened by the profusion of loveliness gemming the meadows and hillsides in more favoured places which have a purer atmosphere. The scarcity of plant life is matched by the lack of wild animals. A few rabbits, a rarely seen hare, some owls and peewits, create excitement in a country so barren of all but the commonest and hardiest of small creatures.

Farms run small, for the land, being of stiff cold clay, is hard to work. There is an abundance of predatory rooks, gauntly cawing in search of

food, and plenty of magpies not averse from eggs of any kind—all this is against the preservation of game. The lack of cover in the stiff growth of the struggling trees, and the abundant population, also tend to make wild life impossible in the central area. But in the south and west there are fine moors—those of Raby, indeed, are famous.

An old chronicler says :

" The air of the county is not uniform ; on the hills it is somewhat of the sharpest, and much colder and moister in the moorish parts toward the west than in the east, where the warm sea breezes mitigate the severity."

He cannot have known much about those same sea breezes, for anything sharper than the bitter nor'-easter which penetrates far inland would be hard to find. It carries with it, too, not infrequently, the haar or roke peculiar to the north-east coast. A saying is current that after three days' roke comes the fine weather. But this may be more of the nature of a solace to those suffering from the clinging damp of the atmosphere, condensed in a myriad tiny drops on wool and hair, and waving banners of gauzy mist before the eyes, than because it is true. Kingsley would hardly have chanted the praises of the nor'-easter had he

known it as we of Durham know it, drifting down, with the coal-smoke tinging its wet blasts.

To the west of the coal area the country breaks out unspoiled as yet, swelling up to the great fells of Cumberland, broken and seamed by the thousands of "hopes," down which tumble or trickle countless burns or becks. These dents in the land are known on the coast as denes, and are very frequent. The word "burn" is used in the county for a small stream as well as "beck."

The fine scenery up Teesdale, with its cascades of High Force and Cauldron Snout, draws thousands annually, but it is likely that in the minds of many, Yorkshire, which shares these scenic wonders, gets more than half the credit.

The scenery of the Derwent is better known to the holiday-making Northumbrian than to the ordinary tourist from farther off; few from afar penetrate here, and for a thousand who visit the ancient City on its seven hills, and go away satisfied they have "seen Durham," there might be reckoned a hundred who have seen Teesdale, and possibly five who know the Derwent Valley.

The bulk of the people of Durham are concerned with the coal trade; I have not figures by me, nor are they essential; the fact is obvious;

on coal-getting depends the largest proportion of those who live within the county boundaries. There are many misconceptions in regard to the pitmen and their work among the southerners, and a great deal of pity lavished on them from a distance which would make them grin wryly if they knew it.

Bishop Barnes, writing in 1575, finds the Durhamites "stubborn churlish people," and contrasts them unfavourably with Lancastrians and Northumbrians. Stubborn they are, all the way, but not churlish. There is a rough-and-ready open-handedness among the men of the coal mines that is one of their best attributes. A good opinion of themselves and their work is engrained. Ask any small boy in the mining districts how he has acquitted himself at school, and ten to one he will answer readily and without shyness, "foine," and his father would think the same of himself, though perhaps he would not express it with quite the same *naïveté*. The pitmen of Durham want no pity, they have always been able to fight their own battles, and they know they have the power to get all they want.

As a rule they are small of stature, and often crooked of leg, and do not give an impression of

great physical strength, but they are wiry both in physique and in character. Moreover, knack has a deal to do with coal-getting, as any amateur, be he never so muscularly developed, soon finds if he tries to handle a pick at the "face." His effort will result in but a small shower of black drops, whereas that short bowed man at his side, with seemingly no effort at all, will bring down a sliding mass of huge fragments.

They do not consider that there is any need for pity in the conditions of their work either. Any thorough-going old miner, who has spent the best part of his life underground, will tell you it is warmer below in winter and cooler in the rare hot weather, than on the surface, and he will probably add as real practical advice that to suck a bit of coal—"clean-cut coal, not ower dusty"—is a sovereign remedy for most complaints, from a cold upwards. Once get well used to the dim corridors underground, so that they are as unnoticeable to you as the walls of a house, and then you cannot fail to understand how much better off you are than the numbed and drenched agricultural labourer or the deck-hand whose alternative is to be swept by icy blasts or stifled in a cuddy cabin. The temperature of a pit *must* be fairly even, and

CAULDRON SNOUT ON THE TEES.

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the air *must* be pure and well-ventilated to ensure safety. There are, no doubt villainous holes, where the work has to be carried on in a cramped posture, but unless one is born unlucky the turn does not come too often, and as for the ordinary low-roofed hole, which seems so desperately uncomfortable to naturally upstanding folk, one has only to see the pitmen sitting "on their hunkers" by preference for hours at any street corner to realise that muscles constantly exercised become naturally supple and strong, like the muscles in the neck of a horse.

A composite character of "Geordie," if it could be made up like a composite photograph, would show the resulting product a sturdy self-sufficient man not untinged with what is in Durham, as at public schools, called "coxiness." He has a share of rough wit, some brutality, but a kindly heart beneath, and will go out of his way to direct a passer-by. He does his work reasonably well because it is *his* work, and he has no doubt whatever that he does it better than any one else could do. Ever ready is he to argue with a friend, but very suspicious of a stranger, and not to be drawn casually on any count. He owns a strong determination that his youngsters shall get

a bit of whatever is going, but he has a hard hand to clear them out of the way if they are a personal inconvenience to himself. His usual attitude to his wife is a kindly tolerance, but the woman is almost always well able to hold her own. Very often the deepest devotion of Geordie's heart is given to the little shivering whippet in a smart cloth coat who accompanies him everywhere above-ground, and sits between his knees at the street corners while he smokes and spits, and addresses shrewd sidelong remarks " the whiles " to his comrades.

" Boo-hoo, I dursn't gang home. Feyther'll gie me the strap ; I've been and gan and lorsted Alexander," bawls a youngster entrusted to take the whippet for a walk.

The life lived by Geordie is by no means a bad one, as lives go. He makes plenty of money as an ordinary thing. If there are a father and two unmarried sons in one household, the money is indeed abundant. Geordie's actual working day is short, though it may start at inconvenient hours ; he gives eleven days a fortnight to the colliery, and for three is free above-ground. He can attend race meetings, football matches and whippet contests, where he can bet to an unlimited

extent. Cricket does not appeal to him; it is too slow of action. But on the day of a big football match in the nearest town the miners gather up in their thousands, and the tramp of their feet resounds in the echoing streets like the vast army of footsteps heard by Dr. Manette coming out of the future to meet him.

Geordie is fairly well-educated, and reads the papers, specially the local or illustrated kind; his opinions are sharp and decisive on any subject, whether he knows anything about it or not. He has a general idea that he can get the better of any one at a bargain, and he has no doubt whatever that he and his fellows are the backbone of England. He has long ago made his power effective by means of his Union, from which any who dissented from the prevailing Radicalism and dared to have contrary opinions to the majority were harried and driven out; the masters could not save them, for the masters also have a living to make, though Geordie does not see it. No freedom of opinion is permitted. One brave fellow who stood up against the tyranny of the Union for a wonderful length of time before he was finally crushed, wrote: "Our miners is like a flock of sheep, which is led by the nose by blind

guides whose only object is £ s. d." ; and he had got the right notion, though his metaphors were mixed.

Wesleyanism got a stronger hold in the colliery district of the north than in any other part of the kingdom ; probably it was because, in the first instance, it was a revolt against constituted authority that it particularly appealed to Geordie. Anyway, if he goes anywhere, it is as a rule to " Chapel." Only the more refined men, with a wider outlook than common, are to be found in the churches. The hideous straight-fronted building of earth-brick, enlivened by string courses of raw red, found in the squalid streets of the larger places, seems more homely no doubt to those who have no eye or desire for beauty in any form, than the Gothic architecture of some of the older churches. It is perhaps fortunate that the desire for beauty can be atrophied, because few things are more depressingly hideous than a straight row of pit houses, stuck together like brick boxes on end, each with its backyard and water butt, its eaveless blue slate roof, and towering over all the lank blackened gear of the colliery outbuildings. Yet within, the houses are seldom comfortable. The parlour, reserved for best occasions and

HURWORTH-ON-TEES.

looking out beside the seldom-opened front door, is stuffy and not much used, but the kitchen is often paved with warm red brick, and as likely as not has a great four-post bed with a patchwork quilt over it in the corner, and most certainly boasts a roaring fire half-way up the chimney, winter or summer alike. A bird in a cage, ornaments, frequently of old-fashioned lustre, or china dogs, are a hall-mark of prosperity. When a man marries he gets a house in addition to his wages, and in many districts his coal is free also.

There is generally a smell of something cooking in the interior of the houses, and that something not unsavoury either. The girls marry very young, but however unkempt they may be in their persons and housework they can generally manage to cook. Meat always, and plenty of it, figures on the menu every day at dinner, which is often at four-thirty, to suit the men coming from the day shift. Great home-baked loaves of bread, huge suet puddings and lots of jam and pickles, are the rule. Mingled with the odour of food and of a four-poster bed is that of the pit itself, tar and oil and the essence of coal, exuding from the clothes of the men. Durham men wear a special costume for working, and not, like the

men of the Midlands, any old clothes that may be going. Heavy flannel shorts, stained and grimed, and a sort of a sou'-wester on the head, are the prominent details; they can therefore always be recognised coming or going from or to their work, and a coloured supplement of "Old and Young Geordie," with their picks over their shoulders, issued by a local paper some years ago had a *succès furore*. Directly he gets home Geordie has his tub, as often as not, if the weather be clement, right in the back-doorway, whereby he is a source of embarrassment to the unsophisticated. The saying goes that it is considered weakening to wash the back too much.

The women do not run to good looks; however healthy they are, one seldom sees a pretty complexion; a general red all over, which deepens as they age, is the rule—and they age soon.

There are exceptions, and a blooming woman who does not look a day over thirty may cause astonishment by announcing she is the mother of fourteen children or so. Such a woman, having married off most of her daughters at sixteen, when a son-in-law died, leaving one of them with three small mites, said large-heartedly, "Let 'em coom and live wi' us; there's plenty room." Looks

go nowhere with the average pitman; an ugly bouncing girl with a fund of ready repartee will attract a score of admirers, especially if she dresses up on Sundays in the gayest and crudest of colours, puce, blue and magenta in juxtaposition, finished off by a huge string of false pearls, and a hat like a flower-garden. Good nature as a rule prevails, but the rather slovenly ways, lavish plenty and wastefulness at home do not fit these girls for domestic service, especially as the mothers' recommendation usually runs: "Troy ut for a wee while, and ef it doesna please ye, coom awa' back."

Yet many and many a man has shown the stuff that is in him when occasion arises, as at the dread explosion. Then volunteers are never wanting, and those pale-faced, haggard-eyed women, waiting to know who are the survivors, need all they can get on the other side to balance the possibility of such an experience. "Church or chapel, it's all one, when ye coom to the buryin'," said a hard-headed reticent man, wringing my hand as I tried to tell him what I felt for him at the sudden loss of his only son.

The same man, an able, well-read fellow of tremendous stubbornness and high principle, said

"When I hear a pitman speak disparagingly of one of the opposite sex I always strongly suspect he has been jilted by one who saw through his gauzy exterior and found an absence of true manhood beneath."

It certainly bespoke imagination of no uncommon kind to credit any Geordie of Durham with a "gauzy exterior"!

CHAPTER II

THE PRINCE-BISHOPS

The lordly state and regality of the Prince-Bishops of Durham has been the theme of many pens. They occupied a position unique in England; they had their own soldiers, their own mint, and executed justice within their realm. In the words of an old writer, the county

> "having enjoyed a Palatinate jurisdiction, a monarchy of itself, a complete *Imperium in Imperio* for so many centuries, renders the account of it more curious and amusing than that of any other of the sister Provinces."

The word "Palatinate" was used to convey an absolute jurisdiction, and though the power was taken from the Bishops after the death of Van Mildert in 1833 and vested in the Crown, Durham is still the County Palatine, a survival of the powers of the Bishops to be likened to the rudimentary lungs in a fish, speaking of something once possessed and now in abeyance.

The peculiar privileges of Durham came about

owing to its geographical situation. As the border-line of what was called Scotland ebbed and flowed, so did the tide of invasion retire to the Tyne or rush forward to the Tees. In those early days, when locomotion and transport were slow, it was absolutely necessary to have a strong authority capable of instant independent action on this northern frontier, and Durham was for long the frontier of the kingdom there or thereabouts. So it came about that the power thus evoked remained in the hands that held it, to be used independently, and the warrior-Bishops not only served as "walls of brass" against invasion from the north, but became "walls of brass" against their own King.

The old See was by no means coterminous with the county as we know it now. Norham Castle, on the borders, belonged to it until 1603, and this, with that part of Northumberland contained in the northern triangle, was a part of Durham. On the south the See ran over into Yorkshire, and to counterbalance this there were at first independent islands in what is now Durham itself, such as the Wapentake of Sadberge and Barnard Castle. For long Carlisle was a possession of the Bishops of Durham. But the area gradually

BARNARD CASTLE.

straightened itself out, and with the carving out of the See of Newcastle in 1882 the diocese and the county became identical in area. In this book, of course, the county is the limit all through, and enough there is to see and hear there, without any incursions into neighbouring territory.

With Cuthbert begins the religious history of Durham, though before him conversion had been attained by means of Aidan, the first Bishop of Bernicia. Cuthbert was born in Bernicia, as the district between Tweed and Tees was then called, and though he had no actual connection with Durham in his lifetime, he is *the* saint of Durham for all that.

He passed a dreamy boyhood in the Lammermuirs, and later lived for many years as an anchorite on the lonely Farne Islands. Thence he was called to be Bishop of the northern diocese, but after only two years of this high office, with his seat on Holy Island, he retired. After his death his body became enshrined as the great saint of the north, a story to be told in connection with the Cathedral.

The whole history of Durham is linked up with its religious foundations. The first definite events in it record the building of a convent at the place

where Hartlepool now stands. Then came the monastery of Wearmouth, followed by that of Jarrow.

The churches at Monkwearmouth and Jarrow to this day carry in their structure the Saxon architecture which marks their first building. For fifty years Jarrow was the home of the scholar Bede, the wonderful man whose brain was a repository for all learning then known. The story of Bede is told in every primer of English literature, and it is the glory of Durham that it can fully claim for its own so great a man. Many little Durham boys are christened Bede, almost as many as are christened Cuthbert, and possibly they may rue it in their school-days, as, in the minds of many in these ignorant times, the only association with the word is with "bedesmen," carrying an implication of charity, though "Bede" means a prayer in Anglo-Saxon.

Thus the monks sowed the earliest seeds from which the ecclesiastical power of Durham sprang. The simple monks and their simple Bishop, who lived frugally amid the flying gulls and the whirling surf from the yellow sands, had as successors the Prince-Bishops in their hill-fortress, and the Dean and Chapter of that "lordly fane"

the Cathedral. With the coming of Walcher, the Bishop appointed by William the Conqueror to the See, begins that long line of Bishops whose worldly power almost eclipsed their ecclesiastical functions. Walcher was murdered, and the Conqueror raided and devastated the lands of Durham in revenge, and not for the only time.

Durham does not appear in Doomsday Book, but it has a Doomsday Book of its own so far as relates to the property of the See. This is Boldon Book, compiled by Bishop Pudsey, of whom more anon.

The power of the Bishops was at its height between 1133 and 1140. It is difficult at this time to realise what that power meant. It was a saying that they had as large an authority within the Bishopric as the King had out of it. They could levy taxes, make truce with the Scots, call men to arms, sit in their purple robes to pronounce sentence of death, coin money, make Justices of the Peace, hold Courts of Chancery, Common Pleas, Copyhold and Halmot Courts, and County Courts. Most of the land in the Palatinate belonged to the Bishops, and was held of them as Lords Paramount; all moors and waste places in the county belonged to them; freehold lands

could not be alienated without their leave. They seized the goods of persons convicted of treason, felony or outlawry, and claimed the privilege of deodand; once even, when a page belonging to the King's service fell dead from his horse in passing through the county, the Bishop claimed and kept the horse! They claimed the rights of Admiralty on the coast, and regulated the laws of the shore. They could call a Parliament and create Barons for the Grand Council. They granted licences to found Chapels and Markets alike, and held the profits of wardships.

In 1318 it was publicly asserted in Parliament that the Bishops ought, within the Liberties of the Bishopric, to have the forfeitures of war as the King had elsewhere in England.

But of nearly all this were they shorn in the reign of the voracious Henry VIII.

It is the general rather than the particular which concerns us in such a book as this, but the general must be enlivened by outstanding notes of detail. One of these is the building of the Castle on its high boss of rock above the Wear by Waltheof, then Earl of Northumbria, for the Bishop, and in this castle-fortress the Lords Paramount held their own for seven and a half

centuries. The Castle no longer is the home of the Bishop; it is dedicated to the uses of the University, as is fitting in a county to which Bede, the earliest of our *literati*, belongs. The students lodge in the keep, looking across at what is still called St. Cuthbert's cathedral, though at the Reformation formally re-dedicated to Christ and the Blessed Virgin. They eat their dinners in the mighty hall where in 1503 was entertained Princess Margaret of England, a fair child on her way to marry James IV. of Scotland, from which union sprang the royal line of both countries, joined in the person of her great-grandson. There was a mighty banquet given in her honour in the great hall which lasted three days.

The keep which now stands is not of course that built by Waltheof. That was burnt down and rebuilt by Bishop Pudsey about 1174, and the present octagonal keep and the great hall were the work of Bishop Hatfield. The Bishops at one time had fourteen castles or mansions in the county, and of these only that at Bishop Auckland remains. This was placed on the edge of the great forest of Weardale, and we get a delightful picture of the hunting parties when a whole encampment was built in the forest for his lordship's accom-

modation, with a " larder, battery, chamber and chapel," enclosed in a ring fence, put up in much the same way that the natives of Eastern countries rig up a temporary structure of wonderful effectiveness for the Sahibs in the jungle.

Of Anthony Bek, or Beck, who was Bishop twenty-eight years from 1285, many tales are told. His prodigality was a constant topic for awe and wonder. " No subject in England was comparable to him for courage, manly behaviour and power." In a time of dearth he paid forty shillings for as many herrings.

" A piece of cloth of great price was offered to be sold, and one happened to say that even the Bishop of Durham durst not buy such a dear piece. Upon hearing of this the Bishop bought it and ordered it to be cut to pieces and made into horse-cloths."

He was a General of judgment and experience, and commanded a force gathered, not only from his own See, but from Ireland and Wales, in defence of the north country of which he was custodian. He went forward to fight the Scots at the head of 120 knights, 500 horse and a thousand foot, and there were no fewer than twenty-six standard-bearers of his own kin in the army.

Robert de Insula, Bishop in 1274, was of humble origin. When raised to the dignity and opulence of that position, he took care to surround his old mother with serving-men and serving-women, and housed her sumptuously. On visiting her, he asked if she were happy, or had any wish left to be gratified, whereupon she complained it was all too " abominably smooth." The serving-men fell on their knees before her. The serving-women hastened to do her bidding. She was bored to death and just pining for a good row !

Thomas de Bury, elected Bishop in 1333, was noted for a lavishness like that of Anthony Beck. At his installation he gave a banquet at which were present the King and Queen, the Queen-mother, the King of Scotland, two Archbishops, five Bishops, seven Earls, nobility, Abbots, Knights, Priors, besides an almost infinite number of the " common people."

Bishop Hatfield, who took part in the battle of the Red Hills, or as it is called Neville's Cross, was he who raised the Bishop's throne in the choir of the Cathedral ; he lies in his splendid tomb beneath its canopy. His name is kept alive in Hatfield Hall, the second house of the University. He also did much building in the Castle, and in his

It is probable that the Castle at Auckland had its origin in a hunting lodge, and it seems always in earlier times to have been looked upon as a country retreat rather than a fortress, such as some of the other castles were. It is strange that this alone has survived as the main residence of the Bishops of Durham. The Park, through which runs the River Gaunless, which joins the Wear just as its general course alters from west to north, has heights and hollows, green slopes and wooded walks, sufficient to make it an oasis in a very ugly town. Many hundreds of children count it as their playground, for it is open freely to all residents, and many of the little ones who pass beneath the imposing Gothic gateway, and see the long green slopes beyond, have indelibly stamped on their minds an idea that the "green hill far away" lies in the Bishop's Park at Auckland.

There were deer maintained in the Park until quite recent times, and much further back some of the wild white cattle, now to be found only at Chillingham, roamed freely and dismayed peaceable people, because "if they be enraged, very violent and furious."

The chapel of the Castle is far the most con-

THE BANKS OF THE TEES.

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spicuous of the buildings that compose the group, but there are some fine rooms. The drawing-room is 60 feet long by 30 feet wide. Part of the Castle dates from the sixteenth century, and is due to Tunstall, but it would puzzle a very expert antiquary to say where the work of one Bishop ends and that of another begins, as almost every one of them has succumbed to the fascinating pastime of adding, embellishing or rebuilding.

The height and size of the chapel are very striking. It is supposed to have been the " Great Hall " transformed into a chapel by Cosin. In the very middle is a huge slab of marble marking the resting-place of its principal architect, Bishop Cosin. He was very anxious that none other should be buried there before him, and was most indignant when, after an absence, he found his son-in-law, Mr. Davison, had been the first to be placed in the rebuilt chapel. The chapel was again restored and redecorated by Bishop Lightfoot, and reconsecrated in the presence of a number of Colonial and American Bishops in 1888. Of this gathering of Bishops there is an excellent portrait group in stained glass in one of the windows.

Cosin " reared it (the chapel) almost from the ground " when it had been destroyed by the

" enthusiastik rage " of the Civil Wars. It had been given by Cromwell to Sir Arthur Hesilrigge, who had " plucked down " the older work and begun a new building, including the east curtain wall, which is a noticeable feature.

Cosin was Bishop after the restoration of the Stuarts, and under him the Palatinate power revived. Butler of " Analogy " fame had been in the diocese sixteen years before he was appointed Bishop in 1751, but his holding of the position was brief. Of all the Bishops George Mountain, consecrated in 1628 and translated to York three months later, had the shortest reign, and Nathaniel Crewe, who became Lord Crewe by inheritance, had the longest, being Bishop forty-seven years, until his death in 1721.

The Bishops of later days have been on a different footing altogether from their predecessors. Barrington, Baring, Lightfoot, and Westcott, of scholarship incontestable, held office in what is still one of the richest Sees in England, but without the absolute power of the earlier holders. Of names still nearer to our own day it is not fitting here to speak.

The town of Auckland, with its open market square outside the Castle gates, is not beautiful.

The gateway, right across the end, is picturesque at a distance, though of eighteenth-century "Gothic." The curious curved line of pink-washed cottages just near it is a survival striking a sharp note of contrast. The long dingy street from the station gives new-comers little idea of the beauties, which have still been preserved in Park and battlemented walls.

In the heart of a populous coal-getting district, surrounded by such industrial places as Crook, Willingdon, Spennymoor, and Shildon, it is wonderful Auckland has preserved so much.

Pollard's Lands, now a part of Auckland, are said to have been gained by an ancestor of the Pollards in this wise. As a ravaging boar was terrifying the neighbourhood, the King himself, as well as the Bishop, offered a high reward to any one who would kill it. One Pollard, noting the usual haunts of the boar, climbed a beech tree there, and waited for the beast to come and eat the nuts plentifully sprinkled beneath. His plan succeeded; he killed the boar, and after he had cut off its head, being very tired, he fell asleep, though he had first cut out the tongue and put it in his wallet. When he awoke he found an enemy had come by and stolen his trophy and gone off to

claim the reward. In despair Pollard went to the Bishop and told his tale, exhibiting the tongue, and the Bishop good-humouredly promised him as much land as he could ride round while he himself finished his dinner. Pollard, being astute, rode round the Castle and claimed that, and the Bishop, to compromise, gave him a fair estate, afterwards known as Pollard's Lands, to be held by the presentation of a falchion.

This is one of the many similar stories to be found in Durham. Perhaps few people who visit Auckland and inspect the grand old Castle have ever heard of Escomb, one of the many churches in England which claim to be the smallest. In this case it has something even more distinctive, for it is certainly one of the oldest, for though parts of other churches reach back to the earliest days of Christianity in the island, this is the only complete fabric of that date. By black and winding roads it is reached, down by the Wear about two miles west of Auckland. Let no one think it easy to find, for, setting aside the sinuosity of the roads, it stands at the foot of a hill like a dozen house-roofs joined on to one another in a continuous shute. Moreover, the key is considerately kept at the vicarage near the small new

church at the top of the slope, and the old church is locked. Nevertheless, it is worth seeing, for it authentically dates from the seventh century. It is very narrow and the stones used have obviously been picked up from Roman masonry—the larger are at the bottom, and the size decreases to the top. The old Saxon windows are curious, and the great antiquity of the church is apparent to the merest tyro in architecture. Service is only held here in summer now.

The old Roman station of Binchester (Vinovium) lies about an equal distance away from Auckland, but on the north side. The outlines of ramparts may be traced beneath the turf and a hypocaust has been found. It is held that the stones used in the building of Escomb came from here, as some are marked with Roman patterns, and the words "Leg. VI." has been deciphered on one.

Auckland is peculiar in that its grand old parish church (South Church or St. Andrew), originally Collegiate, stands about a mile and a half from the town, while there is only a small church in the market-place. The district all round is a busy industrial one, and every vestige of natural beauty has been stripped from it.

CHAPTER III

BISHOP PUDSEY

THE names of Durham's greatest Bishops are known far beyond the confines of the See. Not to mention modern men of world-wide reputation for their learning, there are others unforgotten yet though centuries roll between them and us. Pudsey, Beck, Cosin, Tunstall, are among them, and out of them all, the career of Pudsey is the most attractive for the light it throws on the manners and customs of a remote generation.

He was appointed Bishop in 1153 at the age of twenty-five, and he reigned—the word is truly descriptive—forty-one years. He owed his preferment to the fact that he was a nephew of King Stephen, at least so it is stated, though the mention of his mother, King Stephen's sister, is nowhere else to be found. It was a piece of nepotism, hardly to be stigmatised as "shameless," for in those days no shame attached to such transactions. But the Archbishop of York was courageous enough to thunder forth that he would not con-

secrate the young prelate, on account of "his want of years and immoral life." He went so far as to entreat Pope Eugenius, who was an old schoolfellow of his, to enter a *caveat* against Pudsey. But he gained nothing by that, for Pudsey himself started off on a pilgrimage to Rome, and his luck held, in that Eugenius died, and Anastasius, who was elected in his stead, immediately consecrated the young Bishop. Moreover, when Pudsey returned to England, and journeyed north to his diocese, "with great joy and faithfulness," his enemy the Archbishop died too, so he was justified in thinking Providence was on his side.

Twenty-four years later we find him in disfavour with King Henry II., and condemned to pay 2,000 marks of silver or submit to having his "castles levelled with the ground."

There were two opinions about Pudsey all his life; he was of that class of man who has friends and enemies, not lukewarm acquaintances. His enemies, we are told, called "his heroical firmness and intrepidity, haughtiness and overbearing Tyranny."

When King Richard prepared for a crusade, Pudsey thought he would go too, in spite of advanced years, for such an enterprise agreed well

with his disposition. Just as the King had squeezed him, so he squeezed his own subjects in the Palatinate, and by this means gathered together " huge bags of money." This, coming to the ears of Richard, made him consider that it would be mere waste for the Bishop to go to the Holy Land when his money would be so much more acceptable than his presence, so to give colour to his rapacity he created Pudsey Earl of Northumberland. This gave him an opening for a *bon mot*, which, like judicial witticisms of our time, attracted attention because of its origin, rather than for its intrinsic cleverness.

" Of an old Bishop I have made a young Earl," said the King, mightily pleased with himself as he raided Pudsey's money-bags. He gave the Prelate good value in return, however, for he appointed him, with Longchamp, Bishop of Ely, Co-Regent of England in his absence. Whatever faults of ruthlessness Pudsey may have had, there is no evidence that he possessed guile. The evidence is all the other way. At any rate, he was no match for the Bishop of Ely, who quickly reduced his share of the power to nullity. Pudsey complained to the King, who, in due time appointed him by Letters Patent, Justiciary from the Humber to

Scotland. Pudsey was simple-minded enough to entrust these letters to Longchamp to read, with the result that he never saw them again, and so far as he was concerned they were valueless.

When Richard was taken prisoner Pudsey set to work to collect money to help to pay the enormous ransom demanded, but he loved money, and when he had it in his hands he could not bring himself to part with it, so out of all that was exacted for the purpose, he sent out to the Holy Land only £2,000 in silver, and kept the rest.

He might have known that this would get him into trouble with the King, who, though open-handed in regard to distributing wealth, was also quick-handed in the grasping of it. When he returned a free man and understood what had been done, he was not long in demanding an explanation. Pudsey tried to put himself right by voluntarily resigning his Earldom, but this was not enough, the King laid upon him many fines and exactions so as "to get some of that money which he, by pilling, polling and squeezing his Palatinate had raked together." Richard, moreover, summoned him from his stronghold in the north, where he was among his own retainers, so as to have a free hand in dealing with him.

Pudsey at last set out to obey this summons. But as Lent was nigh at hand, he ate to excess of "flesh suppers" before starting, and was in consequence taken ill upon the road. He tried to get back, though he was not apprehensive of death, because the old Hermit of Finchale had told him many years before that he would be blind for ten years before he died, and this he implicitly believed. But the Holy man had "meant blindness of the mind," and Pudsey died on the return journey on the 3rd March, 1194.

He left three natural sons, of whom the third and best-loved predeceased him, and the second survived him but two and a half years, leaving his money for the founding of the Priory at Finchale.

Not even Pudsey's enemies could accuse him of having led an immoral life after he was raised to the See. The oft-quoted lines of Mark Antony are reversed in his case. It is the evil that has been interred with his bones, and the good that he did lives after him to our own time. His vices were mostly the vices of his age and station, his virtues were those that compel respect. He was a man of force and originality who had the imagination to plan, and the tenacity to carry out, unusual undertakings. Of these his Boldon Book is an

example, and though the writer in the Victoria County History is careful to explain this is not a Survey but a "polyptichum," designed to meet the administrative needs of a great estate, yet Durham historians, lacking a Doomsday Survey, have certainly found it a mine of information.

Pudsey was fond of building, and the beautiful Galilee chapel at Durham Cathedral for the women of the congregation, who were not allowed beyond the blue marble bar in the great nave, ranks with the outstanding chapels in all lands.

Among his smaller works was Elvet Bridge, though his bridge has long gone. Most admirable of all he left behind him is the House of Charity for Lepers at Sherburn, whereby a continuous stream of the sick and heavy-laden have found relief, and have cause to bless his name, though probably not one in a hundred among them ever heard of it.

Sherburn Hospital, as it is commonly called, lies about two and a half miles east from Durham city, and is not nearly so well known as the Hospital of St. Cross, near Winchester, which it closely resembles.

In the foundation charter it is described as "near the bridge." There is still a very ancient

bridge, with groins supporting the low broad arch, that carries the road over the Sherburn beck. This expression, by the way, is redundant, for the word "Sherburn" means a clear burn. Surtees says that this same name, variously spelt, is to be found in one-fourth of the counties of England. This is perhaps a little overstating the case.

At the time Pudsey founded the House leprosy had increased in England, on account, it is supposed, of the crusades. He dedicated his new building to St. Lazarus and his sisters, though in its reformed state it became known simply as "Christ's Hospital." Sixty-five lepers were to be inmates, of whom some were women. Their rations are set out with all the minuteness characteristic of the time. They were each to receive one loaf daily, "small beer sufficient," flesh, fish, cheese or butter according to the day of the week, besides "one kind of milkness," and such variations as eggs, greens, onions, and salt herring. Their fuel was at first peat, varied by logs, which is specially curious, considering the seams of valuable coal, lying beneath their feet, which were, in time to come, to make of this foundation one of the wealthiest of its kind.

The lepers had to make strict attendance at

innumerable services, and were liable to be whipped like schoolboys for misdoing, by the Prior or Prioress. The seal of the Hospital shows a decrepit humble little figure walking in at a gateway. When no more lepers could be found, the rules were revised and pensioners substituted, "Lame, blind, impotent and otherwise decayed persons, yet very quiet and otherwise tractable."

At the Dissolution Sherburn was not despoiled, being a secular foundation. The name of "Master" as the head of the establishment first appears in 1330. In the Civil Wars of the seventeenth century almost everything was destroyed or carried away, the chapel was burnt down—not for the first or last time. The Master, one Machon, "was violently pulled out and dispossessed," and Fenwick, a tradesman of Newcastle, who had been mean enough to guide the Scottish army, appointed in his place as a reward.

It was a lucrative position for an unscrupulous man, for the rule was that the Master provided for the upkeep of the pensioners, and pocketed everything over! The only shred which bound him to decency was that he must leave a certain amount of value, in stock, for his successor. In 1857, under the new scheme of the Charity Com-

missioners, all this was changed, and the purse-strings drawn too tightly in the other direction.

Under the new regulations a great building was added as a House of Mercy for the poor and suffering, especially those for whom the usual hospitals make no provision, such as chronic cases, and particularly for those of better class, who had come to poverty through no fault of their own, those who could appreciate the privacy of the single room allotted to each patient; the idea being to have nothing surgical or infectious which would be received elsewhere. It is rather interesting to note this, as there are so very few institutions with the same intention. The Master was to be in Orders from the Foundation, so that spiritual and mental as well as bodily healing should be carried on.

Very little is left that is really old; gone is the fine house belonging to the Master, with its octagonal oak panelled hall and ancient raftered roof; gone is the quaint old chapel, though three of the windows in the pretty little church are "passing old." The place is well worth a visit, for it has more of the appearance of antiquity than the real age of its stones warrant. Even Pudsey himself would be pleased could he revisit it on an

autumn afternoon when the sun strikes the high wall without the fine battlemented entrance gate, and shows up the shrewd ruddy faces of the "old brethren," in their cloth suits which tone in with the mellow drab of the stone buttresses behind.

The smooth reaches of the velvety turf of the quadrangle have been grown according to the famous Oxford recipe, and are overshadowed by tall elms. Along the lower side are the one-storied rooms of the men in a row, quaint enough too, though only of the mid-eighteenth century, having been built to replace "squalid huts."

Various modern additions have been made, as the splendid income from coal accrued, and the scheme now encompasses once more the women included by Pudsey, but for long omitted during the ages of masculine predominance.

Bread and beer used to be given away freely in the groined archway to all that asked in the more spacious days, when monastic charity took no account of thrift. But in the revised regulations of 1735 it is expressly stated :

"Lastly, as to the relief of poor travellers at the gate, which hath been customary and no doubt piously intended, we give no injunctions ;

idle vagrants should be discouraged and punished ; necessitous travellers on their honest occasions, supplied."

Very few relics of any kind remain as a result of repeated spoliation. In the time of the Rev. H. A. Mitton, who, of all the Masters, held office longest (1874–1913), a curious squat jug of greenish earthenware, with portions of glaze remaining on the surface, was dug up unbroken in the grounds. This was said, with what truth I know not, to have been a " leper jug," and inspired admiring awe in the younger members of the family, who were fully convinced that to touch it with a finger tip meant incurring deadly infection from the loathsome malady.

The silver chalice bears the inscription :

> " Deale justli for God dothe se
> That Sherborne House owythe me."

This is the " Standing Cup of Silver for the Communion " presented by Mrs. Leaver, wife of Ralph Leaver, who was Master 1577–85.

Thomas Rundle, Master 1727–34, was afterwards Bishop of Derry, in Ireland. Swift, writing of him in a letter to Pope, says, " He is indeed worth all the rest you ever sent us," and Pope

replies in epigrammatic style: "I never saw a man so seldom that I liked so much."

This feeling remained with him, for in his Epilogue to the Satires he says:

> "E'en in a Bishop I can spy desert
> Secker is decent, Rundell has a heart."

CHAPTER IV

DURHAM CITY

SPEED'S map of Durham, dated 1610, as reproduced by Surtees, gives that kind of representation, half-picture, half-plan, which is so indescribably fascinating. It is true that here we have no stags or cows as big as houses, like those which often decorate a sketch of this sort; there is but one man visible, and he is walking along toward Pelaw Wood with something like a long pole over his shoulder; allowing for perspective, he would be about the size of one of the western towers of the Cathedral. It is not very obvious what he is there for. In a modern sketch one would imagine he was swinging his driver for a stroke, but that is clearly out of the question in the seventeenth century.

The plan shows as plainly as can be how the town lies, the peninsula on which the Cathedral and Castle stand being the kernel of all the rest. The two bridges, Elvet and Framwellgate, lie not half a mile apart, at the ends of the horseshoe the

River Wear makes around the high scarped cliff. Each of them has a defensive turret at the inner end. The very name, Dun-holm, does it not mean an island or hill-fort arising out of water? Durham, it is said, is built on seven hills. They are difficult to check, but at any rate the beginnings were concentrated on this one hill, which offered a natural defence impregnable on the river side. On the other there was a moat running between the points now marked by the bridges. Proof of this moat was found indubitably some years ago, when the shop so well known for Mr. Rushworth's antiquities was rebuilt. Below the foundations the course of the moat was clearly to be seen.

But to return to our map. Besides the Cathedral itself and the Castle, with its keep, there is a congeries of houses lying on the south side, once the monastery buildings, now "the College," where the Cathedral dignitaries live.

Below the towering heights westward are two bridges, the "new" bridge, now called the "Prebends," and a footway opposite the Galilee, about the position of the weir.

The only street within the snug fortress is the Bailey, and the encompassing wall runs behind

the houses where the gardens now drop down to the river. Across the north end of this St. Mary-le-Bow straddles on its narrow arch. Below the Castle keep is the gateway-gaol. The land falls away from the fortified heights to the market-place, outlined by houses on each side, with St. Nicholas' Church rising as large as the Cathedral at the low end. Outside the narrower demesne there are lines of houses in the North Road, South Street, both Old and New Elvet and Hallgarth Street, where St. Oswald's Church is shown at the top. There is a gateway limiting Claypath, and from thence two lines of houses run to St. Giles' Church. Trees are dotted about variously, and in the extreme left-hand lower corner of the picture is a cross which may be meant for Neville's Cross, dragged nearer to the city to allow it to be represented. Another cross stands in the midst of Gilesgate. Leland says:

"The building of Duresme toun is meately strong, but it is nother high nor of costly werke. There appeared sum peaces of waulles of the toune joyning in a gate of the Palace waul; but the toun itself, within the peninsula, is but a small thing in respect of cumpace of al the stately close so that it alonly may be callid the Waullid Toune of Duresme."

The history of the city, too, is involved with the history of the Cathedral, and that of the Prince-Bishops who so long dominated it. It is a story of constant fighting and unwearying defence against the enemy from the North.

Perhaps the most terrible time of all was when the Scots overran the country during the Civil War of the seventeenth century, and committed many abominations, when famine was dire, and Durham county was compelled to pay (with Northumberland) the sum of £850 a day for the keep of the Scottish army, so that in the end between £25,000 and £26,000 was reclaimed from the Government.

There is this to be said for the inner city, that, however often the Scots ravaged and sacked the suburbs, it never surrendered.

To the city Hugh Pudsey, among his other good deeds, granted the first charter, not indeed of such moment as that charter granted by the first William to the citizens of London, wherein are enshrined the liberties of the kingdom, but something after the same style.

"Hugh, by the grace of God, Bishop of Durham, wishing health to all men in his Bishoprick, whether Clergy or Laity, French or

English. Know ye, that we have granted, and by this Charter confirmed, to our Burgesses of Durham, that they shall be free and exempt from the customary duties of In-toll and Out-toll, from Market Silver and Herriots, and shall enjoy all the free Privileges which the Burgesses of Newcastle do, in the best and most honourable Manner, possess."

This same Hugh, who, as we have heard, built Elvet Bridge, on which stood two chapels, " repaired the town wall of Durham from the north gate to the south gate thereof."

The site of the city when the monks arrived with Cuthbert's body was a " barbarous and rude place covered with nothing but thorns and thick woods, the middle only excepted." As for the Cathedral itself, around which the rest of the city arose, that must be reserved for another chapter. Also the College precincts, so wrapped up with the story of the ancient Abbey and the Cathedral.

Bishop Flambard, who did much to carry on the building of the Cathedral, also built all

" the Town Wall of Durham from the Church end to the Castle. He caused many dwelling-houses then built between the Castle and the Church to be pulled down and destroyed, and reduced into a spacious plain that space or parcel of ground,

now commonly called the Place [Palace ?] Green. He fortified the mound and the banks of the River Wear. He built a fine stone bridge over the same river called Framwelgate Bridge."

These touches give a flashing picture of the old city. It was the custom in those uncertain days for the houses of the lesser sort to cluster closely round the church or castle for protection. In how many an ancient continental town to this day may be seen houses still actually clinging to the church walls barnacle-wise.

It was Bishop Neville, one of the twenty children of the Earl of Westmorland, who, in the fifteenth century, built the Exchequer on Palace Green, together with the Law Courts. Bishop Langley built the massive gateway in which was housed the Gaol. It stood across the top of Sadler Street for 400 years, up to 1820. The Tolbooth, in the midst of the Green, was the place where the Bailiff on Corpus Christi Day summoned all the men of different trades in the town, each bringing their own banner, after the manner of modern trade unions.

" Every Banner stood in Rank, in its Degree, from the Abbey Church Door to Windihole Gate."

On the East side of the Green was the residence

of the Archdeacons of Northumberland, and next to it the Bishop's Mint. On the west side is Bishop Cosin's Library, specially intended for the use of the clergy.

Durham Castle is not wholly given over to the uses of the University. The gateway, imposing as it is, which leads to the courtyard, is of the end of the eighteenth century. Inside, for strangers to see and marvel at, are the fine Norman Gallery, Norman Chapel, and the magnificent Norman arch, second to none of its kind preserved anywhere. Bishop Cosin's Stuart staircase, of carved black oak with wide and shallow steps, leads to the Keep, where the fortunate students have rooms, and the great hall, though shorn of something of its old-time glory, is worthy to rank with any College hall at either of the oldest Universities.

Cut up as the Castle is, partly for the uses of the University, and partly preserved for sightseers, it is a little difficult to get a clear impression of it, or realise it as it was in the days of its glory, when kings were here entertained by the Lord-Bishops with a splendour and extravagance little less than that they themselves displayed at the Court.

In the Bailey are two churches, St. Mary-le-

Bow, nestling in the very shadow of the Cathedral, with its arch straddling across the narrow street, as shown in Speed's map. On August 29th, 1637, down came this arch with a crash, bringing with it the steeple, and a great part of the west end. It lay thus in ruins for nearly fifty years, the commotion of the Civil War forbidding repair. This church has the most ancient lineage of any in the city, for on this spot indisputably was the body of St. Cuthbert laid when the monks first came to Dunhelm, and here they built that humble covering of "Wreathen Wands, Twigs, Branches and Hurdles," to protect it from the elements; thus some have derived the name from St. Mary of the Bough, but the usually accepted derivation is drawn from the Bow or Arch, having kinship with that of St. Mary-le-Bow in Cheapside. Further along, wedged into the smallest space that could be possibly occupied by any church, is St. Mary the Less, with its parish from "the College gate to the Water-gate." The latter, from the very earliest times, commanded a ford over the river; the Porte du Bayle, as it was called, is frequently mentioned as being an important entry to the city and the shrine of St. Cuthbert.

Some time in the latter part of the eighteenth

century, the ground around having been bought by the Rev. Henry Egerton, he did away with the old postern, which had been closed at night and only used as a foot and bridle-path, and built the present high arch. The Prebends' Bridge (1771), opened at the same time, made a great change in this end of the town, the older bridge which it replaced having been swept away by a flood.

It is interesting that this little church of St. Mary the Less should have had as its Rector one of Durham's most famous sons, the Rev. Dr. William Greenwell, F.R.S., and any number of other letters. He lived in the Bailey, almost facing the church, and his name is known far beyond the confines of his own country as an authority on almost any antiquarian subject. But the feat of which he himself was most proud was the creation of the famous trout-fly known as "Greenwell's Glory," the proper dressing of which is the wing of the inside of a blackbird's feather "coch-a-bonddhu," hackle and pale yellow or tinsel body, a most successful fly, as all anglers who have used it can testify. When a presentation portrait of the learned antiquarian was painted, he was asked which emblem of his life-work should be included, the intention being to suggest

some flint arrow-head or symbol of his monumental work on British Barrows, but he would hear of nothing but "Greenwell's Glory," which gaily-dressed insect accordingly sports on the table beside him, for, as all who were honoured by his friendship know, when Dr. Greenwell wanted anything he knew his own mind and meant to have it. The houses in the gloomy canyon of the Bailey look dull enough outside, but within they are usually comfortable, with well-proportioned rooms, and fine gardens falling in a terrific slope or series of terraces to the river. It was Dr. Greenwell's boast as a bachelor that no woman had ever had the right to share his roof, a reprehensible statement, given with much satisfaction and a twinkle of the eye under the shaggy brows, at the very end of his long life, for he nearly reached the century. He was small of stature, but with a large head, and he somewhat resembled the portraits of Darwin. Whatever his antipathy to sharing his roof permanently, his hospitality to any one, however youthful and ignorant, who had a real zest for science, was most liberal. He had the simplicity and freedom from arrogance of the real sportsman, which indeed he was, and his irascibility was on the surface only. To the very

end his interest in his beloved sport of angling never failed, and at an incredible age he went fishing in an open boat on a lake and got drenched with perfect complacency, and indeed some pride.

A very old writer points out that there are in Durham " few houses even in the heart of the city, but open backwards either to the River, or to some adjacent pleasant walk." This is true at the present day, and Durham has altered very little, even in the last fifty years, when perhaps most places have changed more than in the 200 years preceding. Dark and forbidding as are the so-called frontages of the Bailey houses, behind they look out across the river to the wooded heights of the " banks " with their winding paths, or to St. Oswald's Church, rising in its churchyard, or, higher yet, to the south, where stands the Observatory at the top of steep slopes where countless small Durhamites have first learned the joys of tobogganing.

The Grammar School buildings lie below these slopes and just above the wooded banks. It has been said that the boys educated here are not so apt to be impressed by the glories of the Cambridge " backs " or the architectural beauties of Oxford, when they go up to one of the older

ELVET BRIDGE, DURHAM.

Universities, as are lads who come from balder surroundings. Certainly there is nothing at either place that could not be matched, not to say surpassed, in the old cathedral city of the north. Durham men have always held their own in Amateur Rowing, having such a fine chance for practising on a river at their very doors.

Once within the last fifty years the Wear was frozen over from bank to bank above Prebends' Bridge, and then great gala scenes took place. The trees rising in tiers on each side in their fairy spangles, outlined upon the mauves and greys of the shadowy background, formed a fitting fringe, above which rose the great western towers overhead. Booths were set up on the glassy surface of the ice, fires were lit on the edges, stalls of sweetmeats did a roaring trade, and every one who could beg, borrow or steal a pair of skates donned them, if only to boast they had crossed the Wear on foot once in their lives.

Not far below the bridge, where the water lashes over the weir, there was danger, but up above it was safe enough. Such a weir must have been here for ages, serving for the provision of the monks' fish. In Speed's map a footbridge runs across at this point, possibly a relic from the

time of those monkish fish-eaters. Here is the Grammar School boat-house and a house each end of the weir, in one of which was installed the Museum, most of which is now to be found on Palace Green. Close by the eastern end once stood " the Count's house," now entirely vanished. Count Boruwlaski, a Russian Pole, was only 3 feet high, yet he played the violin wonderfully. After having travelled through Europe, including Nova Zembla, and sampled Siberia and Arabia, his fate brought him to England, where he made friends by his violin playing and eventually settled in Durham. His parents were of normal height, and out of six children three were dwarfs and three ordinary. The Count's Memoirs were published by subscription in 1820, but as he only brings them up to the time of his Durham home they lack local interest. An engraving from the portrait by J. Downman, A.R.A., makes a striking frontispiece to the book. An oil painting of the Count has been acquired and is now in the Town Hall. It is amusing to note that the portrait, of exact life size, measures three feet only, whereas in the Memoirs the Count claims three inches more. Thus stretch we all our vainglorious imaginings !

In places the river is not very deep, for the mud forms banks which makes skilful steering necessary. There was a story current in my youth of an undergraduate who first essayed skiff-rowing on the Wear and overturned. He shrieked in an agony of fright to some impassive spectators on the bank, "Save me! I cannot swim." They did not move; he even saw them smile, and again frantically he shouted for help. One of them removed his pipe from his mouth and said quietly, "Put your feet down." He did, and walked ashore.

Durham Regatta was first inaugurated in 1834, so that it takes precedence even of Henley, and holds a cherished place in all true Dunhelmians' breasts. It is held in the stretch below Pelaw Woods, above Elvet Bridge, and is a festive occasion for the whole town. From the days when little girls wore stiffly-starched white *piqué* dresses as "best," with uncomfortably prickly ruffs at the neck, to the present, when they wear nothing round their necks at all, and very little else beside, it has been a great day for all the youth of the town, especially having regard to the firework display in the Pelaw Woods, which follows the races. At the end of the woods is Old

Durham, where once was the mansion-house of the Heaths and Tempests, later a tea-garden, where strawberries and cream can be had in season. A very ancient ford crossed the river below.

The Regatta grand stand is on the edge of the old racecourse, now the University Recreation Ground. Flat racing really was never successful in Durham, though one would have thought the well-known propensity of the mining population for betting would have ensured a large attendance. The writer in the Victoria County History speaks feelingly of the

> " dangerous little circular track, and the quaint old stand, where one poked one's head out of a back window to catch a momentary glimpse of the horses as they flashed by."

The races were finally abolished in 1887.

Not far off is the Town Football Ground, well patronised on the days of great matches. A feature of Old Durham was the horse-fair, once spread all over the market-place and streets adjoining, but now confined to Elvet. In those days, when every kind of old crock, gingered up for the occasion, was brought in from the country-side and tied up with either head or heels indifferently along the kerb, it took strong nerves

to make any progress along the narrow pavement. Poor ragged screws, their hair hanging in mangy tufts, gaunt, bony animals of Methuselah age, often with wall eyes, small dejected ponies, lumpy cart-horses with stiff action, all were liable to make a sudden snap with yellow teeth, or give a squealing kick back at any unexpected moment.

The annual Miners' Demonstration is a holiday of another kind from the Regatta. Then the footways, with their high irregular kerbs, and the narrow, uptilted cobbled streets, are thronged with a vast army of the pitmen, their wives and families, especially the families, linked one to the other from mother up to the eldest in an unbreakable chain, impeding progress for any who may be encountered. For some reason it is the custom to dress the children very heavily, whatever the temperature; the children of the pit-people always seem to carry more weight of clothes to the square inch than those of any other class.

The whole moving, twisting, congested throng has occasionally to be forced back to make way for processions with banners—very gorgeous in deep blue and crimson and gold, with inscriptions on them, usually carried by two men, each

holding a pole at one end. Bands are set at intervals—the music of one still assailing the ears as it diminishes before the crescendo of the next.

At the end of Old Elvet is the smaller and second station of Durham. A single line, once a tramway for coals, ran from the colliery districts about Murton and Hetton to Shincliffe, a mile or so from Durham. It may be noted here that one of the very first railway lines was that from Hetton to the coast, on which Stephenson ran locomotives drawing waggons; this was opened in 1822, six years before the passenger line from Stockton to Darlington. But this is an interpolation. The regular passenger line which came from these regions used to end up at Shincliffe, until it occurred to some bright spirit with a mind above routine, that it would pay to divert it and bring it right into the city of St. Cuthbert. This was done, the diversion being made at Sherburn, the station before Shincliffe, and the line brought straight into Durham by a new bridge over the Wear. This line has fully justified itself. It carries day-boys and girls from the populous districts to school each day. It brings multitudes of folk from these same districts, and gives them a chance of spending money in Durham on pay

Saturdays. It is a great convenience to the police, who can fetch in their handcuffed malefactors direct to the gaol, now set squarely at the end of Elvet, almost overlooking the little station. Not so picturesque is it certainly as Bishop Langley's gateway gaol, but more commodious.

In Elvet, the County Hall, extremely red of aspect, rises where but a few years ago roomy private houses stood, with gardens at the back, where tennis could be played in a cloistered peace.

Elvet has always been the quarter of the monks, as opposed to Framwellgate, the quarter of the merchants. New Elvet runs up to Hallgarth Street. Its name is derived from the Prior's Hall, the ancient Aula de Elvet. Farther out in this direction is the deep chine of the Peth, and the heights of Maiden Castle wood, so called from the ancient earthwork rising in it.

In Old Elvet, near the bridge, are the two principal hotels, both old established. A bridge indeed always seems to be indicated as the site of such hostelries. There is something about the peril of crossing the flood, even though it is now done in safety and smoothness, that suggests an end in comfort and warmth.

The bridge itself is one of the most picturesque

remaining parts of Durham; the workshops under the land arches stand as they have stood from time immemorial. It seems difficult to believe, as Leland says, it was once of fourteen arches, but it certainly had buildings on it, the two chapels and turret afore-mentioned included. The upper end, rising steeply, runs into Fleshergate, a survival name indicating where the shambles were, though but a scrap in length. So to the market-place.

The church of St. Nicholas towers up, with its high spire, on the north side of the market-place. This is not a guide book, and it is clearly impossible to deal in detail with the interest which is to be found in every old church by those who search with seeing eyes. On the West is the Town Hall, nothing to look at outside, but inside as fine a Town Hall as may be found, with its panelled walls and coats of arms and stained glass and oil paintings, and above all—in two senses—its magnificent wooden roof of the hammer-beam type. Very splendid was it to the eyes and imaginations of some, when the old Hunt or County balls took place, and the "pink" of the men's gay coats mingled with the colours of the women's frocks. The War is responsible for cutting out of the lives

of the generation now growing up much that those who preceded them will ever hold as bright memories.

In the open market-place is a statue, and there *was* a fountain. So far back as 1450 one Thomas Billingham, of Crook Hall, granted a licence to the City to convey water from a spring at Sidgate to a reservoir in the market-place at an annual rent of 13*d*. Thus the fountain stood until the year of grace in which this book saw light, when the lead Neptune who had crowned it for many years was ignominously laid on his back before being replaced elsewhere, without his fountain. With his right leg advanced he stood striking with the trident upraised in his right hand, a most creditable feat to any one who knows how difficult it is of performance!

The market-place stood outside the guarded citadel, and was subject to the fury of the invaders. Indeed, as already stated, the Bailey is the only residential street that lay within the fortress.

A piazza of nine arches used to stand in front of St. Nicholas' Church, and the Palace of the Nevilles, Earls of Westmorland, was in the north-west corner, the house being later used for the Bluecoat School.

A Cathedral town is always something of a close corporation. There are the Cathedral dignitaries and their connections and ramifications, wholly apart from the Mayor and Corporation and Civic dignitaries. So, just as in the old days there was a certain tension between the Bishop and the Prior, now there is a certain pull between City and Cathedral interests. Below the Cathedral dignitaries, and in some way bound to them by origin and tradition, are the University and Grammar School, with their authorities and students. Then there is an ever-widening circle of the attached retainers of all three institutions ; also the vergers and batmen, and the dignified tradesmen who have supplied the wants of Cathedral and Castle for untold years. Surely no other place can better Durham in the continuity of its well-known citizens. The mantle of the ages has descended on them also, and they are intimate, with a grave reserved self-respect, with all the Canons and Professors and guardians of youth. They are intimate also with all the families whose names are household words not only in the town, but in the county.

What a list of names ! Greenwells, Shaftos, Ridleys, Maynards, Meynells, Hutchinsons,

Wilkinsons, Headlams, and, farther afield, Lumleys, Liddells, Whartons, Edens, Chaytors, Burdons, Bulmers, Tempests, Stewarts, Bowes and Vanes.

In the Senate of the Bishop's Parliament we find the names: Hilton of Hilton, Conyers of Sockburn, Bulmer of Brancepeth, Suresne of Dinsdale, Hansard of Evenwood, among others.

The odd effect of the gelid conservatism and aloofness of a Cathedral chapter, impinging on the rabid radicalism of the thickly populated mining areas, has ever made a piquant contrast. The Cathedral set, clothed in an assumption of dignity far removed from arrogance, because calmly sure of itself, stand like an island, up to which surges the wave of virulent trades-unionism on such days as the great Demonstration, when democracy batters at the foundations of established and inherited interests, with the hammers of a tyrannous and brutal force. This odd contrast is reflected in the very shops and in the wares they offer. The old-established race of tradespeople in Durham, governors of the City as distinguished from the Cathedral, are as true gentlemen in manners and demeanour as any in the land. Their faces are familiar to their fellow Dunhelmians who have passed through all the stages,

first at " Ma Job's " tuck shop, where—mystery of mysteries—one could be served in Sadler Street to the choice sweets and luscious pastry, and then, going down to a lower level on Elvet Bridge, in another place altogether, meet the same smooth-cheeked and kindly-eyed woman! This speaks for the ramifications and secret interconnection between the old Durham houses. On the other side of the street one had to come to the momentous decision as to the first bat at the shop on the bridge. Whole generations of youths have stepped on thus, and further, to the purchase of manly garments, stationery and " solid " books—to say nothing of college caps and gowns and purple-lined hoods; with a broidery of pottery and frames and other knick-knacks impressed with the City Arms, St. Cuthbert's cross or the " Gritheman's " knocker. Beyond these again some few require the more unimpressive and costly necessities of middle age and over; while many, as full-grown men and women, scatter far afield and disappear.

There are other kinds of shops, which must make both ends meet by supplying the highly coloured garments, the plush and velvet and " coney-seal " coats, and cheap underwear, so largely demanded on pay nights. When an

attempt is made to combine the two kinds of demand, that of the Cathedral or University set and that of the surging pit-villages, in one establishment, the strain must be so great, as almost to make the walls split asunder.

Mention of the University undergraduates brings a memory of " Verdant Green," written by an undergraduate, though the scene was laid on the banks of the Cam. Durham University rose quickly in status, owing to the uprising of junior Universities. In the days when there were in England only Oxford and Cambridge, London and Durham, the case was different, but now that Durham can take precedence—and long precedence—of Birmingham, Bristol, Leeds, Liverpool, Manchester, Sheffield and Wales, the " Palatinate Purple " has greatly gained in consequence. Truly it is not the colour one usually associates with purple, being a fine mauve, but " mauve " would not run so euphoniously in the coupled words.

Besides the splendid Castle, which takes rank with the most time-honoured University buildings, there is the subsidiary hostel of Hatfield Hall, opened in 1846, and " St. John's College " in the Bailey, quite recently supplanting the

Girls' High School, removed to Leazes House, in Gilesgate.

A gateway near the east end of St. Nicholas' Church crossed Claypath; it was a "single weak arch of stone and rubble," removed in 1791. Claypath ended where a leaden cross stood in the middle of the street, separating it from Gilesgate.

On the other side of the church is the lane leading down to the river, where an arch represents all that is left of the ancient hospital of Kepyer, built by Bishop Flambard, rebuilt by Bishop Pudsey, and more than once destroyed by "act of war," before being surrendered at the Dissolution.

Gilesgate, stretching up its hills, leads to St. Giles' Church, one of the oldest in the City. From its heights it overlooks the windings of the Wear from Shincliffe to Elvet Bridge. Gilesgate Moor is now a depressing district cut up by rows of brick box-like houses, but the name has often been a source of mystification to new-comers, who are apt to enquire the way to the "moor" with a view to a bracing walk. In 1399 there was a general array of men able to bear arms summoned to Gilesgate Moor. This long straggling line of houses, thinning out eastward, is squalid and

depressing, and makes a bad entrance to the town. In the angular strip of open black ground now lying in front of the houses, just before the divergence of the two main roads to Sunderland and Sherburn, was at one time a platform and a " fair marble cross," splendidly carved, afterwards taken down and re-erected in the market-place. This place was called Maiden's Bower, or Maiden's Arbour, a name derived from the fact that girls milked their cows here.

It is odd that, of the three industries specially noted as those for which Durham used to be famous, three samples might be passed on the approach to the City by Gilesgate. A large and, judging by the widespread aroma of its activity, a prosperous tannery, stood at the top of the first hill outward, not far in fact from Maiden's Bower. A little farther out, on that dismal stretch of ground, covered with the brick-box type of houses, and the little allotments in which grow dingy-coloured greens and onions, was a rope-walk, with its mysterious rumblings and windings, a source of awe to passing children. Much farther in, at the foot of Claypath, with buildings down to the river, is a very old-established carpet factory, which still turns out those " everlasting

wear " carpets on which the true Dunhelmians pin their faith.

Any one passing down the narrow street leading to it and continuing onward will discover " the Sands," a part we do not usually show to visitors—where gipsy vans camp, and those folk who find true enjoyment in unrestrained merriment may disport themselves on Bank Holidays. A littered, untidy place it is, with many great chimney stacks in view across the river and a general air of that *déshabillé* permitted in some neighbourhoods on Sunday mornings.

Pursue the way, however, and arrive at Kepyer, where the fine old double stone archway, with groined roofs, marks the one-time hospital. It was originally a house for nuns, and just such a place as monastic taste preferred. The ancient weir is almost gone, but abundance of water flows between the still green banks, while up above the gateway, on slopes cut by crumbling walls, orchards flourish. The place is now occupied as a farm.

To the numerous visitors from America, perhaps, the wonder inspired by Silver Street is more impressive than anything else in Durham, not even excepting the Cathedral itself. This little

steep, narrow, cobble-paved street, up which all the traffic between station and town must come and go, is a matter for amazement. Long may it remain anyway! Right-angled, wide, numbered streets are all very well in towns wholly given over to commercial pursuits, but we in Durham live in the presence of a mighty Art that is wrought into the very fabric of our lives. There is an uncertain tradition that the name of the street is derived from the Mint having been here, but that does not sound probable. The Mint would remain where it was founded, inside the guarded citadel.

The tradition of Silver Street is bound up with the career of that worthy citizen, Sir John Duck, who came to Durham to be a butcher's apprentice. In the true story-book style he was wandering dejectedly by the river banks one day when a raven dropped a gold piece at his feet (a rook would have been more likely, or a jackdaw, considering it was Durham!). That gold piece laid the foundation of Duck's fortune. He rose to the top of his trade, invested money wisely, and became extremely rich, owning collieries in Rainton and elsewhere. In 1680 he was elected Mayor. Six years later he was made a Baronet, but he died childless after only five years' enjoyment of the honour.

It may be news to many people that Sir John Duck's house in Silver Street still exists. It is cleverly disguised certainly, being split into two, one side being an eating-house and the other the ironmongery establishment belonging to Mr. Caldcleugh. After Duck's time it was for a while the "Black Lion" hostelry.

This has been refronted in recent years, and no one would dream of penetrating the narrow red-brick house with an idea of finding a Stuart mansion behind. But so it is, and the splendid oak staircase, with its spiral balusters and wide shallow treads, is matched by a fragment in the neighbouring house, showing that the two were one. The oak has been painted, the stairway has been cut to fit business requirements, but its true character cannot be disguised. In one of the front first-floor rooms is a treasure still greater, for here, still in its original position, is that "painted pannel" which Duck caused to be made to depict the beginning of his fortune. Surtees gives a woodcut of it, but it is not altogether faithful. The original is much more striking and in wonderful preservation. In the middle, flowing away from the onlooker, is a river like a canal passing beneath an arched bridge. In the foreground

ducks disport themselves in flight. Far in the background is something which looks like the towers of the New Jerusalem, but may be the range of the colliery chimneys belonging to Duck. On the left he stands himself, in what appears to be a Scottish bonnet, and on either side of him is a house. One has a bastion tower, and, remarkably enough, this appears to have been the identical Silver Street house, for the present owner remembers a bastion tower on the riverside being taken down some thirty-five years ago. On the right of the canal, in the panel, is depicted a large building with wings, probably the hospital which Duck built and endowed at Lumley. But the most striking detail of all is the enormous raven in the middle of the sky, with a piece of money as large as a small table in its beak. The picture is altogether a wonderful possession, and should be carefully guarded.

At the foot of Silver Street is Framwellgate Bridge, with its two flattened arches. Across it, on the left, a road rises to the residential quarter of South Street, where the houses front due eastward without impediment between them and the Cathedral, so that the owners may be said to have the glorious picture the western

towers present permanently framed in their front windows.

Straight ahead from the bridge runs the comparatively modern North Road, made when the station was opened, and down to the right goes the steep, and at this day poor, quarter, which was once the main entry to the City. The main road came in through Pity Me and over Framwellgate Moor and past Aykley Heads, as it still does, but from thence the old coaching route came down over the ridge, to wind up along the river bank, and emerge here at the bridge foot. Close to the end is "Horse-hole," a tiny street or entry down which the coach horses were taken to drink.

Framwellgate was at one time a good residential quarter of wealthy merchants. Many of the houses in the mean streets, now squalid tenements, show evidence of this in their fine staircases, pediments and flattened pilasters and arches.

At the time the plan of bringing a railway to Durham was mooted the authorities in being would have none of it, notwithstanding the fact that they, as inhabitants of Durham, should have been burgeoning with pride at the fact that it was a Durham man who had brought railways

into being. Instead of that, they thrust the odious thing away with a "thus far and farther" limitation, so that the first main line north ran by Leamside and Sherburn Colliery to Ferryhill, leaving the nearest station to the city a good two miles away. Not until 1874, when the inconvenience of the arrangement was patent to the narrowest brain, was a new and more direct line built and brought in to Durham, over a high slender arched viaduct, which, seen from below, gives an illusion of being even higher than it is, because of the slope of the roadway. In passing over this passengers get one of the finest panoramic views to be seen in all England, or anywhere else for that matter. This view is familiar to thousands who, to their own loss, never set foot on the soil of the ancient Palatinate capital, but are whirled through on their way farther north.

It may seem too highly coloured to be true, but the last time I ran across that bridge, the sun, at the close of a rainy day, burst forth from the mists of cloud and shone on the western towers of the Cathedral and the clinging walls of the Castle fortress with a glad light, while overhead a high arched rainbow drew a bow which enclosed both in the oval of a jewelled frame.

CHAPTER V

THE CATHEDRAL

For situation Durham reigns supreme among the Cathedrals of England. Others, such as Lincoln, are well placed certainly, but none can touch the magnificent natural escarpment and moat which make of Durham a spectacle attracting its thousands annually. Moreover, it is one of the few Norman cathedrals we have, and on that account also it stands out; none can say they know what English architecture is, until they have studied its details, including the varying designs on the massive coupled columns of the nave.

When the early seat of the Bishopric was on Lindisfarne, and Cuthbert was called as Bishop, he did not belong to Durham especially. Durham, of course, as part of Bernicia, shared in the luminous glow which spread from that small low-set island amid its grey waves. To it, as to the rest of the nation, belong the marvels of the "The Lindisfarne Gospels," the most wonderful book

of its kind existing. But Durham could not claim Cuthbert as its own, until long after his death. Cuthbert was only Bishop two years, he had retired again to his lonely retreat on the Farne Islands before his death in 688, yet, when the Danes swept down on the unprotected shores nearly 200 years later, the monks remembered his words and carried his bones with them in their flight.

"This most glorious Confessor, St. Cuthbert, was an Apostolic man, admirable for every kind of virtue, plenteously replenished with the Spirit of Holiness, an exact Mirrour of Justice and an excellent example of all Christian Perfection."

When the monks opened the coffin of the saint, they found to their amazement that it contained not bones and mouldering dust, but flesh "sound, sweet and flexible."

In 875 began a series of wanderings, which formed the subject of the saga cherished in the annals of early Christianity. After having been far afield, the monks at length rested at Chester-le-Street, and for the next hundred years or so Chester-le-Street became the seat of the Northern Bishopric.

Any one swiftly passing along the iron rails in

one of the express trains on this main line to-day, can look down from a height on the long, dull streets with the fine church uprearing itself in the midst.

" The savage and merciless infidels " descended on Chester-le-Street in time, and the monks, bearing ever with them their precious burden, retreated to Ripon. When at length the country seemed more settled, they wended north again, and, in the course of their wanderings, chanced to cross the eminence of Warden law in Durham, some 600 feet in height, rising in a flat country midway between Chester-le-Street and the coast.

Here the coffin containing the body of St. Cuthbert became immovably fixed, and no power that they could compass, human or mechanical, could move it. After much prayer and fasting the Divine will was revealed, the body was to go to Dunholm, but the monks, alas, knew not where Dunholm was !

Most of the county was at that time overgrown with " shaggy " thickets, and as the monks, faint from three days' vigils, questioned one another in distress, they heard a woman complaining that she had lost her cow, and a neighbour replying to her that she heard it had been seen at Dunholm.

The saint's body no longer remained fixed to the ground, it followed readily whither the woman led. The way taken was no doubt the line of an ancient Roman road, recently re-traced, that ran by Mainsforth (Ferryhill) and Lumley, and so the little company arrived from the north-east side of Durham, coming down over the brow of the hill to the River Wear at Framwellgate, where the most precipitous escarpment of the cliff-face, on which the great fane now rests, greets the wayfarer.

Few of those who live in what is now one of the poorest quarters of the City ever think of that little band of monks, in travel-stained garments, walking by their cart, which was probably drawn by oxen, as once was the Ark of the Covenant. They came down to the river facing that mighty cliff across the water over 900 years ago. We do not know how they crossed, but certainly they must have dragged their precious burden up by the crooked steep way of what is now Silver Street, through the present market-place, to surmount the incline on its sloping side. Then they found rest on the plateau at the summit of the scarped cliff, for there, as every Durham child knows, the woman found her cow, or as many of

them would call it her "coo," and where she found it there the Cathedral was eventually built.

The evidence is there for all to see, for on the north-west turret, not too high up even for small persons who have not yet attained their full height, is the bas-relief of the two women and the cow. It is only fair to add that the earliest historians of the Cathedral do not mention the cow, but on the other hand there was a sculpture of it even on the earliest building, that of Bishop Aldhune, and, though the present bas-relief, of Dutch aspect, dates only from the reign of George III., it is the successor of at least two more ancient.

Not only is the cow commemorated in the bas-relief, but in Dun Cow Lane, a narrow street leading by the Cathedral graveyard to the Bailey. The story goes that William Rufus, having insisted willy-nilly on the opening of the saint's tomb for his own particular gratification, thereby displaying both mulish obstinacy and crass scepticism, he was seized with some internal illness, and terrified at this manifestation of the saint's power, rode headlong down this lane, and through the postern-gate to the ford over the river. Whether he stuck in the mud, and had to be ignominiously

pulled out, as one version has it, or whether he never drew rein until the Tees was reached, according to another, is a matter of no moment. For a while after this incident the lane was called Kingsgate, but reverted to the older name later.

A " church " of wattled boughs was erected over the sacred body. This was superseded by one of stone, the " White Church," and of that church no part remains visible to the eye, though there are no doubt thousands of the stones belonging to it enclosed within the walls of the present Cathedral. When Bishop Aldhune's White Church was completed, the body of St. Cuthbert was removed to it.

Not long after this Earl Waltheof built a castle on the boss of rock facing across Palace Green. Both buildings grew with the ages. The Monks in the Abbey church, the Bishop in his Castle, tugged against one another. Both buildings, enlarged, repaired and rebuilt throughout the ages, grew as the British Constitution has grown, by a natural and slow process inimitable by the modern methods of " hustle."

The present Cathedral was begun by Bishop William de St. Carileph, the second Bishop appointed by the Norman William. The present

East end, the famous Chapel of the Nine Altars, was built in 1235 by Bishop Poore; this obliterated Carileph's work, which up to 1895 was assumed to have been an apse. But excavations in that year showed that it had been a triple apse, a design almost unknown in England, though common on the Continent. At Torcello, in the Venetian lagune, there are the remains of a very ancient triple end of a similar kind, but of this only the central apse remains. In the church at Lindisfarne, which closely resembles Durham, there is something like it, but there the apses are transeptal chapels.

The present chapel of the Nine Altars is almost exactly similar to that at Fountains Abbey.

It was Carileph who transferred the monks from the still more ancient establishments at Jarrow and Monkwearmouth to Durham, leaving these foundations mere cells.

The notable points of the present building—its wonderfully carved columns, its crypt, its Galilee, its clerestry and triforium, its cloisters and its chapter-house—may all be found described in detail in any guide-book. The spiral grooving on the pillars is seen in the choir and transepts; it is much rarer in Norman work than the lozenge

and zigzag patterns, which with the fluted columns are found in the nave. It is rather curious to notice that the spirals are counter-screw-wise. The Galilee, built as a chapel for women by Bishop Pudsey, is one of the only three surviving in England, the others, at Lincoln and Ely, being merely porches. Of the name as applied to these subsidiary chapels there is no satisfactory explanation.

Those who have lived in the shadow of Durham Cathedral know it in its outward aspect like a beloved human face. The massive soaring central tower, with the little "kink" where the side pinnacles end, the stone lace-work edging of the two western towers, are features in that face. These towers were once capped with steeples, which have now fortunately disappeared. The general outline, so dignified, so stately, so well-proportioned, makes Ripon and Winchester look squat, Lichfield too fined out, Wells unfinished, Salisbury too soaring, and so on; none are quite satisfactory to an eye attuned to the perfection of proportion and grand simplicity in Durham. No mere word-picture can give any idea of the architecture. To those who have lived within sound of the Cathedral chimes, within

sight of its towers, from childhood, whose earliest memories are bound up with the hush that falls within its mighty aisles at the closing of the door, and are coloured by the weirdness of its hallowed legends, Durham Cathedral is alive beyond all power of expression.

What child can gaze unmoved on the demon face, fashioned in hollow iron, that forms the knocker on the great north door ?

In the ravaging and bloodthirsty days when no man's life was secure from sudden assault and wounds, there was a light placed every night within this knocker-head, and the beams, striking outward from the empty eye-sockets, lighted the worn stone flags for the feet of the trembling wretch who stumbled into safety. He was in reality safe within the precincts of the graveyard, but with the footsteps of the pursuers ringing out, maybe, on the hard open space behind, he would not feel secure until his shaking hand had grasped the knocker, nay, not until the two guardians, who waited ever in the chamber above, had swung open the great door, and received him into sanctuary. Ralph Hedley's famous picture has conveyed some such scene to hundreds who have never been to Durham.

The regulations were explicit in regard to such seekers after sanctuary :

"In ancient time before the House was suppresst, the Abbey church, the churchyard, and all the Circuit thereof was a Sanctuary for all Manner of Men that committed any great Offence, as killing of a Man in his own Defence, or any Prisoners who had broken out of Prison and fled to the Church door, knocking to have it opened ; Also certain Men lay in Two Chambers over the North Door for that purpose, that when any such Offenders came and knocked, they instantly let them in at any Hour of the Night ; and ran quickly to the Galiley Bell and toll'd it, that whosoever heard it might know that some had taken Sanctuary—everyone (such) one should have a Gown of Black Cloth, with a Yellow Cross, called St. Cuthbert's cross, at the left Shoulder—and that they should lie within the Church or Sanctuary, on a grate made only for that Purpose, adjoining the Galiley South Door. They had likewise Meat, Drink, Bedding and other necessaries at the Cost of the House, for thirty-seven days."

At the west end of the nave a broad line of blue Durham marble, inset, marks the point beyond which women were not allowed to penetrate. The good St. Cuthbert was once unjustly accused by a woman, and though the earth opened and swallowed her up, he was not satisfied with

that, but decreed that no woman should henceforth come near him, a taboo which was strictly carried out even in regard to his dead body. What would he have felt if he had seen the "sweet girl graduates," in cap and gown, who now attend the Cathedral services in full freedom?

Twice at least was the embargo broken through, once by a chambermaid of the Queen of Scotland, who, disguised in cope and hood, penetrated almost to the shrine, but was discovered by a monk named Bernard, who not only handled her roughly but used bad language. Once again, in 1417, two serving-maids from Newcastle made the attempt, dressed in men's clothes, but they also were foiled, and condemned as a penance to walk round two Newcastle churches on festival days in that attire.

The feretory of St. Cuthbert was at the East end; the word seems to have been used indiscriminately either for the shrine itself, which could be carried in procession, or for the place where it stood. In the time of Flambard the shrine and coffin were opened once more, and the body was found uncorrupted, a belief in this miracle doing more to attract pilgrims from all

parts than any other circumstance. The shrine was of magnificent workmanship and enriched with countless costly gifts. It had four seats for pilgrims to rest their knees upon. It was decorated with images and adorned with jewels. If the gifts offered were of gold, silver, or jewels, they were immediately hung upon it, but if any other thing, such " as a Unicorn's horn, Elephant's tooth, or such like," it was hung within the feretory (the chamber). The cover of the shrine was drawn up at festival times to the accompaniment of fine-toned bells. There was a Master of the Feretory always on duty.

It may be noted here that the last time the coffin was opened was in 1827—beyond the age of miracles—when three shells were found, one within the other, the innermost being undoubtedly that in which St. Cuthbert had been buried in Lindisfarne 1171 years before. The mouldering bones found in it were reverently re-buried.

St. Cuthbert's story has been made widely known by Sir Walter Scott's smooth-running lines, far too often quoted to be once again repeated here. It may only be noted that he refers to Durham's " Gothic " shade, whereas, though some Pointed work there naturally is in a

building of such growth, the peculiar feature of Durham is its Norman work, and Norman as a word would have scanned as well as Gothic, though it would not have sounded so well.

Durham is one of the few places in England where curfew still tolls, though it is rung at nine instead of eight o'clock, and never on Saturday nights, for the awesome tale tells that the ringer, going up into the belfry loft that night, never returned, nor was his body found! The temptation to discover why he had not returned, and what dread thing was to be encountered in the belfry on Saturday nights, overcame the terrors of two small girls, one of them the daughter of the then Archdeacon, and they planned to hide in the Cathedral when the vergers went round one Saturday night to clear every one out, and, when all was quiet, to mount the belfry steps! The plan succeeded well enough so far. They were snugly hidden in a pew when the last verger clanged to the last great door and locked it, with the reverberating echoes of the key in the wards rolling away down the cloisters. Then, with one accord, both sprang to their feet and, racing to the door, beat upon it with clenched fists, shrieking to be let out ere it was too late; so to them did

not fall the glory of discovering why curfew did not toll that night!

From 1650 to the middle of 1652 Cromwell housed the Scottish prisoners taken at Dunbar in the Cathedral, treating them with a brutality that accorded badly with his sanctimonious pretensions. They revenged themselves by cutting the heads off all the images of saints wrought in stone within the building that they could reach. The most noticeable example is the altar tomb of Ralph, Lord Neville, the first layman to be buried in the Cathedral. He and his wife Matilda, lying in life-size effigy on the top, are mere trunks, and of the eighteen small figures surrounding the tomb below not one exhibits the vestige of a head.

The shrine of St. Bede is second only to that of Cuthbert in interest. The remains of Bede, brought from Jarrow, at first rested in the same grave as those of Cuthbert, but were later transferred to the Galilee. Here they rest under a plain stone altar tomb, on which runs the line:

"Hac sunt in fossa Bedae venerabilis ossa."

As the word "venerabilis" is in larger lettering than the rest, the credulous may take heart to believe that it is the very word inscribed by the

finger of the angel who leaned over the sleeping workman to fill the gap left by him who could not find the syllables to scan. The present tomb, however, is a dull piece of work, and dates only from comparatively recent times, replacing one destroyed at the Reformation, which had a "gilt cover of wainscot which could be drawn up by a pulley."

The fine white altar-screen was brought ready-made by sea from London at the cost of John, Lord Neville. It nevertheless took seven expert masons a whole year to put it up. Beside their wages, Robert Barrington, then Prior, allowed them meat and drink until they had finished (1380).

Of the glories of the great Rose window in the Eastern end of the Cathedral, and all the other details, there is no need to tell here. It is sufficient if we can convey some sense of that stately grandeur which impresses even the most frivolous who enter the vast spaces and note the harmony of line and tone which characterises them. The atmosphere seems to hold the essence of all the calf tomes and Russia leather bound prayer books that have ever been opened at the ringing or mumbling tones of the Canons, or at the clear

DURHAM CATHEDRAL.

voices of those young boys who form the treble part of the choir piercing the dim shades in the high vaulted arches, to the accompaniment of a resonant undertone of the tenors and basses. The Cathedral choir is second only to St. Paul's in England.

Seated in the upper part of the nave, looking across into the south transept, we can see the high narrow arches drenched in honey-coloured light, while against the sepia shadows the wracked and tattered "colours" of previous wars hang in passive folds from the staves. But behind, through the arches, a glimpse is allowed of a row of other colours, smaller, cleaner than the first, though borne on fields far more terrible—the banners of the "boys" of Durham, carried triumphantly through the greatest war the world has ever known, and at a cost beyond man's computation.

The Chapter House, reached from the cloisters, was once the most glorious in England. Some twenty Bishops are here buried, including Aidan, the earliest saint of Lindisfarne. The first Bishop to be buried actually within the Abbey church, by the side of St. Cuthbert, was that great warrior and splendid man, Anthony Beck, and as, for

some reason, it was thought sacrilegious to carry his body in by the door, a way was broken through the wall for the purpose.

The Sacrist claimed as a perquisite the "chariot," horses and such things, with which the bodies of the Bishops were brought for burial. No small item this when we consider the four coal-black horses richly dressed in velvet housings, who drew, actually up the nave, the hearse of Bishop Langley. Why this should be less "sacrilegious" than allowing Bishop Beck's body to pass through a doorway into the Chapel behind the High Altar, we cannot tell. Very often, especially in the earlier troublous times, the See was left vacant for intervals between the decease of one bishop and the appointment of the next, and then it was a custom to hang the keys of the city on the shrine of St. Cuthbert.

At that most debased epoch of taste, the end of the eighteenth century, the Chapter House was cut about and spoiled, but it still attracts a great deal of attention from those who visit the Cathedral.

There is much that is interesting in the immediate precincts of the Cathedral as well as inside. Much that bears telling in a book that

should be read without boredom by those who will never have a chance to verify the local details with their own eyes.

The great Chapter library contains an unrivalled collection of MSS. and many rare and valuable tomes. It stands where was formerly the dormitory of the monks, where each had a little chamber, or as we should say, cubicle, partitioned off for himself. These ran down the sides, half of them looking out cloister-wards and half across the river. Each one had a window and a desk. At the north end, cross-wise to these, were the cubicles of the novices " neither so close nor so warm—nor having any light but what came in at the foreside of their chambers."

At each end of the dormitory was a stone with a dozen cressets on it, filled to give a dim light throughout the night. The cloisters were carried on by Bishop Langley, from the foundations of his predecessor. In those old days they were constantly full of life. We can see the " last porter," Edward Pattison, sitting close by the south door on his little seat with " four feet and a back, boarded underfoot for warmth." Surely his ghost returns to the spot of guardianship where he spent so many hours ! Then there were

poor men sitting on a stone bench to have their feet washed by the Prior on Maunday Thursday, and the nervous little boys waiting to be operated on by the monks, to every monk a boy. They received the same rewards as the men, including seven red herrings apiece, which seems liberal, even after undergoing such a process.

On the north side of the cloisters, that running along between the doors of the Cathedral itself, the windows were glazed, and in every window were three very small partitions or "carrels," just sufficient for a man to squeeze into, so that three monks could sit with their backs to the light. They resorted there after their dinner, to study—the old monks that is—and in front of them, along the wall, were great almeries or chests filled with the valuable and ponderous tomes, some of which are preserved in the library. The mortar which attached these almeries to the wall may still be seen, higher than a man's head. The Treasury was under the dormitory, and adjoining it the Song-school.

At the south-west corner of the cloisters, down some steps, is the crypt, partly a museum of old carven and hewn stones, visible relics of a bygone building. In among them, strung along a pole,

are the vertebræ of a whale! In my young days the ribs and whole frame were in position. With what awe we gazed at this leviathan, more to our imagination than all the dead stones. Little cared we when told he was an "outward and visible symbol" of the Bishops' foreshore rights—even had we been quite sure what a symbol meant. To us he was a whale, a creature we were little likely to see alive, yet somehow mysteriously endowed with that awe-inspiring quality which all living monsters evoke.

It was the fanatic Dean Whittingham who removed that attractive little bench belonging to the porter. He also annexed the lead from the Frater House to repair his own roof, "making it a flat roof, whereby he gained twenty pounds." This Whittingham seems to have been no common robber, even allowing for the example which had been given by Henry VIII. to his subjects. He removed two large holy-water stoups from the abbey to his own kitchen, where they were employed to "prophane uses," the servants steeping their salt beef and fish in one of them. When the Dean died in 1579, his wife Katharine, "being a Frenchwoman," carried on the tradition. She retired to the Bailey, and, "as is credibly

reported by eye-witnesses," took a holy-water stoup with her, likewise some marble grave-stones " which she had built into her said house in the Bailey."

But this was a little too much for the public opinion of her fellow townsmen, and there was some talk about it. She therefore laid " two that were before wall-fast," outside the door instead of within, which seems to indicate either defiance or superstition.

We can get a capital picture of the life of the monks as we wander through these southern cloisters, and the College. We can see the novices going down to the garden and bowling-alley by the water side to recreate themselves, leave being first granted, and we can picture them at that great feast once a year when the Master of the Common Room provided " figs, raisins, ale and cakes, but not to superfluity or excess."

The College, anciently the Abbey Garth, is now the Cathedral Close where dwell Dean, Archdeacon and Canons. This name has led to some confusion in the minds of visitors, who naturally think it must have something to do with the University.

Its quiet stone houses set by the paved walks, which pass green lawns, and under shady trees,

gives to this backwater something of the peaceful dignity of the Cathedral itself. High above rise the massive towers, and from them falls ever the " chee-ak, chee-ak " of the jackdaws, broken only by the melodious chimes at regular intervals. A recent writer has tried to show, rather unsuccessfully, it must be admitted, how such constant overshadowing may penetrate and influence the lives and characters of those subject to it.

The Guest Hall of the Abbey stood across the west side of the College, where the dark tunnel leads to the Banks. Here not only was free eating and drinking provided for all strangers, but lodging as well. This included one chamber, called the " King's Chamber," for any notable guest. At the angle beyond the guest-house was the infirmary, underneath which was that deadly hole wherein recalcitrant monks were imprisoned, let down through the trap into the darkness, sometimes to remain for so long as a year.

The massive gateway, with its groined roof, giving access to the College, was built in the fifteenth century, and forms a fitting prelude to all the rest.

CHAPTER VI

AROUND DURHAM

In March the woods which clothe the banks of the river at Croxdale glow pale sulphur colour, because of the profusion of the small low-growing daffodils known as Lent lilies. A little later there are patches of heaven-upon-earth to be seen in the masses of sky-coloured forget-me-not fringing the grounds of Lambton, but these are rare samples; elsewhere it is difficult, as all Durham gardeners know to their cost, to find flowers growing well and richly on the stiff clay soil of which so much of the county is composed. Among the wild hills to the west, and in the wooded chines of the coast, some unique specimens are found, but for the most part it is devoid of the radiant common plants which grow naturally in more favoured soils. Once the Durham woods were famous. Still, there are to be found mighty elms, and here and there fine oaks. Up Lanchester and Witton Gilbert way there are fir woods growing freely, and also holly, producing

the sealing-wax-red berries which are indissolubly associated with Christmas-time, but the woodland trees in the pit districts, when they grow at all, are singularly devoid of fruit and blossom. A chance visitor described the impression made on him by the trees usually seen in the hedgerows by saying they had the appearance of being cast in metal. It is a revelation to any one accustomed to the meagre fruits of beech and oak here to get a first sight of the fertile trees of the south, with their rich load of prodigal seeds flung broadcast in pod or capsule.

The county was doubtless at one time as well or better covered as other counties under the same harsh climatic conditions, but what remains of the timber is now only to be found in the preserved denes or chines clothing the deeply-cut river banks, or in those parks and spacious grounds belonging to the numerous castles and mansions which have preserved for the Dunhelmians some sylvan scenery. It is by the planting and careful forestry of large land-owners, in the days when they were not, as at present, too much drained by taxation to give freely to the land, that the trees have been preserved.

Yet even in the middle of the most barren and

depressing scenery, oases can be found, and the city of Durham folk are very well off in woodland shrines of tolerable accessibility. One of the most beautiful and most freely frequented is the little ruin of Finchale Priory, lying in a bend of the Wear, though only to be reached by ways of singular bald hideousness.

Godric the hermit is known by name to all properly brought up Durham children, though he takes rank behind St. Cuthbert, who is indissolubly associated with the cow on the Cathedral; and possibly behind Bede, whose tomb was marked by an angel's finger. Yet St. Godric has his own undeniable claims, for when he took up his residence as a hermit in the bend of the river, where afterwards the priory was built, he found there numbers of serpents and wolves, and when they would have attacked him, he tamed them with the sign of the cross, and thenceforth they became his friends and allies, lying around him as trustfully as household pets. He lived here for sixty years, drinking the clear brown water of the river, unsullied then by gas or tar, and eating fish or roots, while the song of the birds was his music and the waving boughs of the trees his shelter. But later he made himself a little cell, and when

those evil marauders, the Scots, who were for ever pouring over the northern counties, chanced upon him in the woods, they would have plundered him had there been anything to plunder. Like Koran, Dathan and Abiram, they were punished for their impiety. One was drowned in the Wear, another fell into a bituminous pit, doubtless formed by the giving way of underground coal then unworked.

Godric, unharmed and harmless, built a tiny church and oratory. He died before the altar, and was buried there in a stone coffin. But some twenty years later a son of Bishop Pudsey, awed by the hermit's sanctity and godly life, built near the place a priory, and gained for it the benefit of the offerings which the pilgrims to the shrine of St. Godric brought.

This beautiful little building was never really completed; its ruin attracts many hundreds of persons at the present day. The massive sandstone pillars rise in the roofless nave against an overshadowing background of tall growing oaks and elms, and the murmuring wash of the brown river below as it ripples in its shallow bed, over and between the great stones, forms an accompaniment all pervading.

Rough steps are found in the priory, by which

the round wheel-like summit of one of the pillars can be reached. Here is the Wishing Stone, sure incentive for declarations by bashful swains and much resorted to for that end.

Durham is famous for its girdle-cakes, and perhaps the fat richness which is their perfection can be found nowhere more certainly than in the small tea-house near the ruin. Altogether, for those visitors who have more than an hour or two in which to do Durham, Finchale will be found well worth visiting, and will leave a charming memory.

Opposite Finchale lies Cocken, one of the prettiest of the " gentlemen's " seats about the county. It stands in a bend of the river which makes a peninsula, and is well wooded. The natural flora is abundant, and has not been altogether killed off. It is one of the sequestered spots where is preserved a little of old Durham in its natural state. The forget-me-not, wild daffodil, and golden saxifrage may all be found here in season, the two former carpeting the ground in the dappled shade of the trees.

There is a ford here, much used in the old days, which led marauders too frequently near the place; to this may be attributed the rude spoliation of St. Godfric's cell. Cocken, like Finchale, was early

a possession of the church. Much later the house was, for a while, a convent for nuns dispossessed in France.

All this part of the country is celebrated as the best place for the growth of the famous Durham mustard, the soil suiting it to perfection.

Durham can boast its own battle, not indeed in the streets, though much desultory fighting was there, but in the immediate vicinity, " The Battle of the Red Hills " as it was known at the time, though now more generally called the Battle of Neville's Cross. It was fought in 1346, in the reign of Edward the Third, a date no Durham child forgets, for here is a bit of history come alive.

Thirty-four years before, the Scots had impudently marched up to the very walls, ravaging and burning the " suburbs," where the terrified people were caught unprepared in their beds. Since then there had been other raids, and the citizens lived in a pitiful sense of insecurity. Froissart says :

" During this time the King of Scotland had made so many violent attacks upon the City of Durham, with the engines he had constructed, that those who were within could not prevent it from being taken, pillaged and burnt. Indeed all the inhabitants were put to death without mercy, and with no distinction of persons or ranks—men,

women and children, monks, canons and priests, no one was spared—neither was there house or church left standing."

It is difficult for any one who stands on the bare road to the west of the town running above the Observatory, and looks out across the range of tumbled ground with chimneys and pit-out-buildings rising on the skyline, to realise the desperate hand-to-hand conflict which went on here nearly 600 years ago. The chief of the fighting took place on the ridge which separates the watershed of the Wear from that of its tributary the Browney.

The end was scarcely less disastrous to the Scots than Flodden itself. The month was October, and in the bleak early morning the English forces had already marched from Auckland Castle Park, where they had camped the night before; this had involved a matter of eight miles over rough country and a crossing of the Wear. King David himself commanded the centre of the Scottish army, which was in three divisions. In the centre of the English divisions were the Bishopric troops under the Archbishop of York, and Ralph, Lord Neville, who was in supreme command. On one side of the English

centre were the Northumbrians under Sir Henry Percy, on the other the men from Yorkshire, and the south under Sir Thomas Rokeby. Bishop Hatfield, who had been installed in the See little more than a year, was away in Calais at this time.

In the valley of the Browney, where now the railway strides across on giant stilts, Sir William Douglas and some scouting cavalry had been caught the day before; Douglas himself escaping with difficulty to carry the disastrous news to his king at Bearpark. Sunderland bridge now crosses the river where Wear and Browney meet; in spite of its name it has no connection with the town of Sunderland.

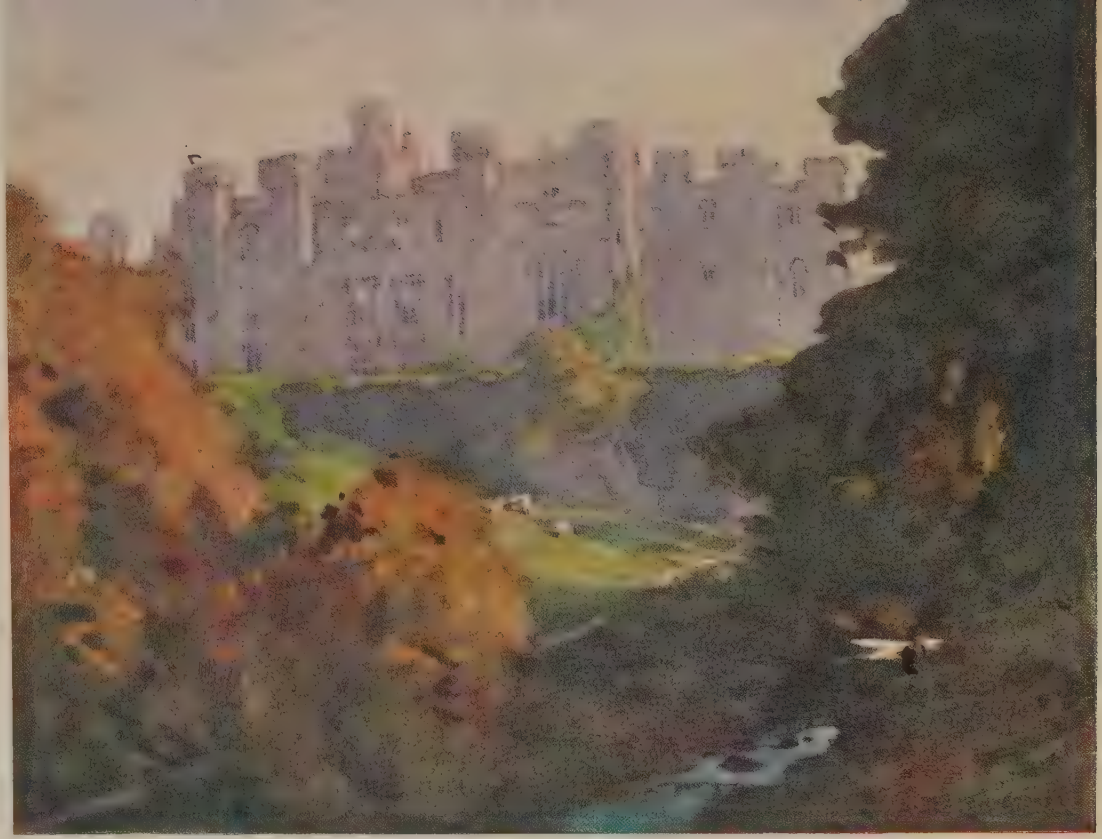
The battle began at nine in the morning, and was all over by mid-day, when the Scottish centre, which had held on longest, was at length flung back, broken and disordered.

King David was made prisoner, and in round numbers it was estimated that 15,000 Scots were left dead on the field. The monks had taken what part they could. Some had remained in earnest prayer on the Cathedral tower overlooking the scene, and ever since, once a year, choristers ascend the tower to sing a *Te Deum*. This is now done on May 29th, as, since the Restoration of

King Charles the Second, the thanksgiving for the deliverance from the Scots has been merged in the rejoicing for that event, and the date accordingly set back from October to May.

Other monks crouched on a hillock known as "Maiden's Bower," having with them the holy Corporax, or cloth, which covered the Sacred Elements. This Corporax was afterwards enclosed in a bag of white velvet, half a yard square every way, with a cross of red velvet on it, and was stitched into a great banner of silk, with tassels and silver bells and fringe hanging from it. At the Dissolution this treasure was stolen by the thieving Dame Whittingham, "who did most despitefully burn the same in the fire."

The actual spot is known, and lies in the grounds of Mr. George Procter, of Flass House, twice Mayor of Durham. The hillock, which is small and very regular in shape, almost suggesting a tumulus, has one little oak tree now growing on it. The glen is surrounded by steeply-rising heights, and the Flass bog, when drained, revealed quantities of oak, stained black as ebony from age. Not far off the little hillock now rises the great railway viaduct, and on one of the surrounding heights is the brand new Miners' Hall, of palatial



BRANCEPETH CASTLE.

KENSINGTON

dimensions. Thus the little mound, though still preserved with its aroma of history and sanctity unspoiled, is hemmed in by the symbols of a later age.

After the battle there fell into the hands of the English the "Holy Rood" carried by the Scots, the very one which had materialised whilst King David was hunting the wild hart in the forest near Edinburgh, from which arose the name of Holyrood.

The stump of stone remaining at Neville's Cross, with its stepped platform, is but a mutilated remainder of that splendid cross, with a shaft over 10 feet high, bearing a canopy carved with the crucified Christ and other figures. This was all broken up in 1859 by "some lewd, wicked and contemptuous person." The blackened stump on its mound lies, enclosed by an iron railing, up against the "garden" of a red brick house; other houses of the same genus are scattered about. Not so many years since one could stand at the foot of the cross at the corner of the roads and let the eye roam over the rolling hollows to the rising ground beyond. Now the endless running chain of cars on the Newcastle-Darlington tarmac road whirrs by, and the cross is unseen except by those

who know just where to look for it. Red brick houses are spilled down the hill, step below step, and, capping them all in its redness, rises the bold new Ladies' Training College, of a truly terrifying size.

In all the early or midmost history of the county the name of Neville rings out. It was in the twelfth century that the first Neville rose to prominence in the Palatinate. His mother, an heiress of the Nevilles, married the Lord of Raby. Her son took her name of Neville, and when he became Lord of Raby and of Brancepeth, instituted the line of Nevilles there. From that time onward, as warriors, statesmen, ecclesiastics, the Nevilles mark the centuries significantly.

Robert Neville, the "Peacock of the North," killed Richard Fitzmarmaduke, the Bishop's Seneschal, in broad daylight on Elvet Bridge!

Bearpark has been mentioned as the Scottish headquarters before the battle. This lies about three miles west of Durham, on the Browney Stream. It was of old "Beaurepaire," an example of how a slight change in spelling may suggest an entirely different derivation. It was at one time the country seat of the Priors of Durham, but its position pointed it out as of some strategic

importance. It was here young Edward III. waited before setting off on his baffling chase after the Scots up Weardale.

Brancepeth, within five miles of Durham, lies along a railway line which bestrides the valley of the Browney, diverging from the main line south. In this direction another of the waving tentacles of the octopus railway runs to the colliery districts, Brandon and elsewhere. The whole way is lined by coke ovens and other colliery adjuncts, and the poor little Browney, lying far below, has much ado to retain its reputation for still producing trout for the catching.

Brancepeth keeps alive in its name one of those legends which are more often to be found the farther north one goes. It is the softened version of the Brawn's (or Boar's) Peth—a peth in Durham signifying a road running between steep banks, which at the seaside would be called a dene. A mighty boar, larger and fiercer than any other of the species, secure in his strength, marked out for himself a path down from the heights, and in the absence of firearms none was bold enough to intercept him, until one Hodge dug a pit and covered it with boughs and turf, right in the track of the monster. He, brave man, apparently stood

somewhere near it to await the issue, for the story goes that the boar, seeing him, leaped forward and fell headlong into the pit, where it was at the mercy of its rather unsportsmanlike hunter, who cut off its head at his ease. It is a story singularly devoid of point or thrills.

Brancepeth came into possession of the Nevilles by the marriage of the heiress, Emma Bulmer, to Geoffrey de Neville, and it was their daughter who married the Lord of Raby as aforesaid. The lands of the Nevilles, including Brancepeth, were forfeited in 1570.

The Hamilton-Russells (Lord Boyne), acquired the property in 1866 by marriage with the heiress of the Russells, who then owned it. The present Lord Boyne finds it impossible to keep up the vast pile, and the gardens are let off for fruit culture. There is no doubt that in a few generations, places like Brancepeth will be unknown, for no private individual will have money to run them. The castle has been much modernised, and, though imposing seen from the west, is not considered a famous example of architecture.

Bishop Cosin was Rector of Brancepeth from 1626 to 1661, when he became Bishop of Durham.

The most a stranger knows of Croxdale is a

glimpse of the station name as he rushes through a deep rock-cutting on nearing Durham. Croxdale however belongs to one of the oldest and deepest-rooted of Durham county families. The Salvins, whose pedigree Surtees brings down from the Conqueror's time, came into possession of Croxdale, as so often happened, by marriage with an heiress. Agnes, Lady of Croxdale, aged eighteen, married Gerard Salvayn in 1402. Surtees derives the name from Silvan, and by the transposition of two letters, throws light on a possible derivation. The first ten owners of Croxdale in succession were called Gerard; it is the name of the present owner also. The family clung to the old forms of worship, and are Roman Catholics.

Burn Hall is another of the family seats in the neighbourhood; it stands on an eminence, and is easily seen by those who pass on the line. But Croxdale itself, famous for its splendid walled gardens, nine acres in extent, is secluded. The name Croxdale must obviously come from a "Cross," but there is no notable cross in the immediate neighbourhood from which it might have arisen.

CHAPTER VII

THE GREAT NORTH LINE

Opinions vary widely as to the scenic advantages of the East or West Coast Routes from the south to Scotland. The west, however, is not really "coast" at all, and the fine scenery of the Eastern Route along the Northumbrian coast and on to Edinburgh, with its visions of foaming sea on the low shores of yellow islets, or of red-roofed houses in chine and cleft, generally carries the day. It must be admitted, however, that in that part traversed in the county of Durham, there is nothing to recommend it but the one flashing vision of Cathedral and Castle set high on their impregnable rock as the train runs through the old city. Elsewhere, the railway line, which drives straight up the middle of the coal-getting section of the county, shows sterile drabness, broken only by the dull high road "loping" along in wave-lengths decorated by telegraph posts. The machine-made pit houses spilled in rows up and down the slopes, the little tramways with their

uncoiling length of line and slow-moving tubs, the coke ovens and brick kilns, and the tall pit chimneys and outbuildings with the incessant whirr of the cage machinery, are anything but attractive. It is a pity, because those who love wild and beautiful scenery could find it here better than elsewhere did they know where to look for it.

We are, however, dealing with the line as it is, and the first evidence the traveller has that he is actually inside the county boundary comes with a sight of Darlington platform, which claims to be the longest in England, not even barring Cambridge.

Stephenson's " Puffing Billy," otherwise Locomotion Number 1, stands on a pedestal beneath the vast girder-supported roof. Not even in his most sanguine moments could its creator have visioned such a future. As a grasshopper to a kangaroo, so is Puffing Billy to the Class R1 lordly engines of the line, that now draw the many tons' weight of luxurious carriages behind them alongside the pedestal. At Newcastle is the first locomotive Stephenson ever made at all, called " My Lord," with no familiar name of endearment to soften its austerity.

It is interesting that Darlington associated

with the very first railway enterprise should now be a great centre for the works of the L.N.E.R. Their engines used to be constructed at Gateshead, but, since being removed here, the workshops have greatly expanded, giving employment to hundreds of men, and are easily first of the industrial enterprises of the town.

Stephenson was born in 1781 at Wylam, where the Durham boundary strikes Northumberland, and he did not even learn to read and write until he was eighteen. The significance of his invention could be seen immediately in the fact that the price of coal, which was eighteen shillings a ton in Stockton, fell to eight and six when the line between Darlington and Stockton was opened in 1825. When Surtees wrote of Durham this line had been partly made, and he speaks of Mr. Stephenson as an " engineer of rising reputation." On the opening day a man on horseback, blowing a horn, was employed to ride in front of the engine to see the way was clear, and by the time the first train got to Stockton there were six hundred people, more or less, hanging on to it ! Stephenson himself was the driver, and the nine miles between the two towns was accomplished in about an hour. The train consisted of twenty-one trucks

fitted with seats, a dozen loaded waggons, and a passenger coach. This last did a good deal of useful work later, for the engine was not always equal to the task, and the van, known as a "dandy," was drawn by a horse along the rails, up and down between the two towns, conveying passengers. This had been Stephenson's first idea in the laying of a permanent way, and it survived until only a few years ago in out-of-the-way places, one of these "dandies" running from the little junction of Drumburgh, outside Carlisle, on the Silloth line, to Port Carlisle, and very well it served its purpose too. It is interesting to note that 1925 is the centenary of the opening of this line, and is thus a great epoch in the railway world.

In the old coaching days Darlington, being on the direct route northward, had many visitors of distinction passing through, but it does not seem to have impressed them very favourably.

Both King James I. and Daniel Defoe remarked severely on its dirt, and Sir Ralph Sadler, writing in 1537, gives it as his opinion that the people are "very fikell." "They stare and look for things, and would fayne have they cannot tell what." No one could accuse Darlingtonians of

being dirty nowadays, and as for fickleness, are not its leading citizens, bearing the honoured names of Pease and Backhouse, of the Quaker persuasion ?

The coaching road ensured good inns, and of these the oldest is the " King's Head," still in existence, though in modern quarters. I do not know if this and the numerous other " King's Heads " in many places in the Tees valley were renamed in honour of King James' northern tour.

The bit of railway line between York and Darlington is perfectly straight, as if ruled on the map, as perhaps it was. The level country permits this, for all around Darlington the ground is flat in contrast with the hills of Durham. This has advantages, permitting trams to be run easily, and those who desire it can get carried out to the playgrounds by the Tees when tired of their own fine park with its newly-made lake.

Darlington used to be celebrated for woollen manufactures, which were superseded by linen of that kind called " hugga bags," in other words huckaback. It was woven from an ell to three yards wide, and sold from sevenpence to eighteen shillings the piece. From very early days there

were dyers in Darlington, and later it was celebrated for its leather works.

The little River Skerne cuts the town in half, and those who come from the station must cross it. Beside it stands the fine parish church, formerly collegiate, dedicated to St. Cuthbert, and rebuilt in the time of Pudsey. The bold central tower and spire are unique in the county. A little further down, where is now the modern workhouse, was the palace of the Bishops.

The high clock tower of the closed market faces the church across the open market-place. The Town Hall is in the same block. At the corner of a narrow street leading from the market-place is an inscribed stone with quaint lettering:

"Anthon Bulmer
and Marie Lasonbie"

but I have not been able to discover anything about this couple.

Many of the streets retain the old names; Skinner's Gate, Priestgate, Tubwell Gate, and Prebends' Row are examples.

Darlington is mentioned in Drayton's "Polyolbion":

" Then I do bid adieu
To Bernard's battelled towers, and seriously pursue
My course to Neptune's court ; but as forthright I run,
The Skern, a dainty nymph, saluting Darlington,
Comes in to give me ayd, and being proud and ranke,
Shee chanced to looke aside, and spieth neere her banke
That from their loathsome brims do breathe a sulphurous sweat,
Hell-kettles rightly called, that with the very sight,
This water-nymph, my Skerne, is put in such affright
That with unusual speed she on her course doth haste
And rashly runnes herselfe into my widened waste."

These hell-kettles were three large sulphurous pools, which from time immemorial attracted notice and formed the source of weird legends, but they have been filled in.

Near Darlington, at The Grange, lived George Allan, who was an antiquary and editor of ancient MSS. of a kind in which Durham has always been peculiarly rich ; he established here the Grange Press, from which he issued certain books, including works by Thomas Pennant. These are now prized by collectors. One of these works is " Collections relating to Sherburn Hospital " with a memoir of Bishop Pudsey, published in 1771, with a very rare view of the Hospital as it then was.

The title of Earl of Darlington died with the fourth and last Duke of Cleveland.

Midway between Ferryhill and Aycliffe, at Rushyford, Lewis Beaumont, a gay courtier, cousin of the Queen, coming to take up his appointment as Bishop in 1313, was attacked by one Gilbert Middleham, a gentleman freebooter of Northumberland. Beaumont had been warned that this was a dangerous place for robbers, but he replied that he did not think any one of his eminence would be attacked, especially as he had in his train, besides numerous armed retainers, two Cardinals from Rome. Little Middleham cared! He captured the whole party and all the booty, he released the Cardinals certainly, but it was only in order that they might ride on to Durham and acquaint the Chapter with the fact that he held the Bishop-elect prisoner, and would not give him up until a large ransom had been paid. It must have been mortifying to the Durham authorities to have to find it, especially as this appointment had been made against their will, purely through personal influence. Beaumont had great charm of manner, but he could not even read the document appointing him to the See. Nevertheless he made a fairly good Bishop for his time, for by his influence at court he regained for Durham many of the rights which

had been taken from it in his predecessor's reign. Middleham was later hanged in London, and afterwards drawn and quartered.

The stone quarried in this neighbourhood enables houses to be stone-built instead of brick-built, always an advantage. The Skerne, sometimes a mere ditch, widens out at Aycliffe, showing a rocky channel, well-wooded, making quite a picturesque bit of scenery. Aycliffe and Bradbury still retain their village aspect, the houses being grouped irregularly round the green.

Ferryhill Junction, which name, pronounced by the porters as they hurry along the side of a train, sounds of ominous import, is an ancient place. In 1354, Richard de Fery

"leased to John, Prior of Durham all his coals and seams of coal in the north part of the vill of Fery, viz. in those lands which lie betwixt the King's High Street from Durham to Fery South and the path called Hopesiderode East, for thirty years, with licence to sink pits and drifts for carrying off water and with sufficient wayleave."

It is here that the present main line diverges from the old one, which, though still used for passenger traffic, is mainly for goods-trains, which, drawing an incredible number of trucks

filled with coal, can be seen crawling along it almost any hour of the day.

Not far from Ferryhill is Mainsforth Hall, the home of Robert Surtees, the county historian *par excellence*. The house is still held by one of the same name. The beauty of Surtees' history is that it is so much alive. Hutchinson, who wrote before him, was a recorder only, useful but not interesting.

Surtees was born in Durham City, and received his earlier education at Kepyer School, Houghton-le-Spring. He was an only child, and even at the age of eighteen had formed the idea of a History of his native county. The death of his parents put him in possession of the family place at Mainsforth at the early age of twenty-four, and for the next ten years he collected materials assiduously. He was contemporary with Sir Walter Scott, and the two men, having similar tastes, corresponded largely about ancient ballads of the Border, and folklore. Once indeed, Surtees, to test his own scholarship, sent to Scott a ballad called "The Feud between the Ridleys and Featherstones from the recitation of an old Woman of Alston Moor," accompanied by glosses and notes, and every evidence of antiquity he could elaborate. What

was meant in jest became earnest. Scott was completely taken in by it, and it was too embarrassing to Surtees to confess the imposture when confession would have involved mortification to Scott, who was a high authority on such matters. The fabrication was never therefore acknowledged, and even in the 1830 edition of the Border Minstrelsy, the piece was included with a note of obligation to Surtees (the real author) and recognition of his notes as to the proofs of its genuine antiquity.

Surtees was devoted to his home at Mainsforth, and brought out, volume by volume, his costly history, to the number of four in all. These do not include any account of the Cathedral and Castle, which is of the less consequence, as they have been so frequently described. Surtees sent a copy to James Hogg, whom he had met in Edinburgh, and received from him in the letter of acknowledgment an account of the following incident: one of his farmers seeing the mighty volume, and having been told it was a History of Durham, remarked: "Lord sauf us man, had it been the history of the world I would hae thought less, or the history of Christendom at least. An there be a history like that put out about ilka

place it will be true that the Evangelist says, that the world will not contain the books that should be written."

Surtees died in 1834, aged only fifty-four. A companion volume to his Durham, concerning "North Durham," the triangular bit of Northumberland including Norham and the Isle, which had so long formed part of the possessions of the Bishopric, was brought out by his friend James Raine.

In spite of their full correspondence, Scott only once visited Mainsforth, and a tree he then planted is still pointed out.

The land around Mainsforth is marshy, and the northern feeder of the River Skerne flows past it to Bradbury. There is a line from Ferryhill through Spennymoor to Bishop Auckland, a thickly populated and smoky district. It is odd to read that in Surtees' time, eight places round had right of common on Spennymoor.

Not far from Spennymoor is Whitworth, held by the Shaftos since 1652. The ballad of Bonnie Bobby Shafto, with the yellow hair, has done much to make this name popularly known. Bradbury and the Isle are always coupled—from the latter arises the name L'Isle, later Lisle. The

piece of ground referred to is isolated by the Skerne and Rushyford Beck. Colonel John Tempest, first M.P. for Durham County in 1675, lived here. An ancient Roman cross road passes by Bradbury.

The church of Merrington, with its stumpy tower rising abruptly on a ridge, can be seen far and wide. The road running through Merrington was probably used in Roman times, regardless of gradients, and is more ancient than the present great North Road lying parallel to the east through Ferryhill.

Chilton, near Ferryhill, is famous for its breed of Durham shorthorns. The Durham ox, which weighed 186 stone when exhibited in 1801, is known to many people who have never heard anything else of Durham. It, however, was bred at Ketton, between Darlington and Aycliffe.

Bishop Middleham, close to Mainsforth, was in possession of the See of Durham by the middle of the twelfth century, and the castle was the favourite residence of the Bishops from that time till the end of the fourteenth century. The foundations can still be traced, but it was rather a strong manor-house than a real castle.

Bishop Bury, who was noted for his munificence, used to give thirteen pounds in charity every time he travelled between Durham and Newcastle, six pounds six shillings and eightpence between Durham and Stockton, three pounds six shillings and eightpence between Durham and Auckland and five pounds for the journey from Durham to Middleham. The journey from Durham to Stockton must have passed by way of Bishop Middleham, and over the marshes which lie between it and Sedgefield.

The course of the River Skerne, passing through these marshes, with many a turn and twist, eventually runs through Houghton-le-Skerne and joins the Tees at Croft.

The line between Durham and Gateshead is not less dull than what has preceded it. Very soon after leaving Durham, a glimpse may be caught of that grand Queen Anne mansion, Newton Hall, standing in its spacious walled garden. It was for long the home of Anthony Lax Maynard, one of the best known among Durham sportsmen of a bygone generation, who was for many years Master of the North Durham Hounds. There has always been good hunting in the county, which is well adapted for the sport, and

such names as the Raby and Zetland packs are known far beyond local limits.

On Chester-le-Street we can look down in passing. It shows a collection of not very interesting houses, with a good deal of new red brick reaching out feelers in all directions, a grand church spire and the fine castle of Lumley—which *is* a castle—on its green mound beyond. Chester-le-Street has already been mentioned as the earliest seat of the Bishopric in the county. Its name gives evidence of its importance in Roman times, and many Roman remains have been found, but there is no evidence to connect it beyond doubt with any particular Roman station. The Chesters of Durham are not many, Binchester, Lanchester, Ebchester complete the list. The first church here was a wooden one, and as Egelric, Bishop in 1056, was founding a stone one, he dug up a sum of money large enough to make him relinquish his Bishopric, and hie off with it back to Peterborough, from whence he had come. There is evidence that he spent the money wisely on roads and other works of utility, but he was punished for his sin in taking it away from Durham where it belonged, for William the First soon fixed with his piercing eye, the wealthy monk, and he had to disgorge to

DARLINGTON PARISH CHURCH.

the greater robber. Every boy and girl in Chester-le-Street is brought up in this article of faith: "We are more ancient than Durham." Quite true too, not to be gainsaid.

The noble spire of the church rises to 156 feet, and the building itself is worthy of all attention. It contains a statue of St. Cuthbert, said to have been that on his original tomb. Besides this, a remarkable series of stone effigies along the north wall of the nave, resting on altar tombs, head to feet, and so similar in style that the merest tyro would pause to ask whether they had not been turned out at one time. This is more or less true, for they were placed here by John, Lord Lumley, who lived in Queen Elizabeth's time, and who is said euphemistically to "have had a great respect for his ancestors." Two of them he procured from the graveyard of the cathedral, but the rest were "made to order." These, with a quaint little anchorage at the north-west corner of the church, usually attract great attention.

The main street of the town, being on the high road from Newcastle southwards, suffers from a constant whirl of traffic, and the youngsters early learn to be wary in crossing. But the little side streets, marked High, Low and Middle Chare,

strike a quaint note of mediævalism in the midst of the modern whirr.

On Shrove Tuesday there is in this same street a scene of riotous confusion, and what the cars do on that day I have not been able to discover. Up-street and down-street contend for a football, and the game is beyond Rugby in its latitude, for you may not only handle the ball, but manipulate it in any way possible to the human body if so be you can get it past the opposing side and to the goal. All the male inhabitants of the place, not decrepit or disabled, take part, and the contest may spread over some hours. The shops are shut, and parties of interested onlookers install themselves at upper windows.

Through the green fields by pleasant ways we go down to the Wear, where there are winding paths along the banks and boats for use; then rise to Lumley standing in its park, amid stunted hawthorns and wind-swept beeches, grand and defiant. No word rises so readily to the mind in connection with it as "foursquare." It stands there the very model of a castle, strong and aloof, with its four buttressed corner towers ending in machicolated turrets, which have an engaging air of self-defence that seems impregnable. The Eastern

front, the only one of the original building of Sir Ralph Lumley at the end of the fourteenth century, overlooks a ravine where hyacinths in spring spread their covering of blue amid the waving shadows. Inside the gateway—ornamented by a hospitable gallery for pouring down lead and missiles—is a quiet courtyard, a corner any art-lover would crave permission to reproduce. Here, surrounded by old masonry crumbling to deep goldens and reddish browns, there is a strip of green sward where laburnums shower their brilliant pendicles.

The Lumley clan claim descent from that Liulph who was slain, with his family, by Bishop Walcher, an act which brought summary vengeance on the Bishop's own head. It was the grandson of Liulph who first assumed the name of Lumley, and it is curious that at the present time the Lumleys and Lambtons are the only holders in the county who can claim to be "of that ilk," if we except the very recent restoration of the Greenwells to Greenwell Ford.

In their pride of pedigree the Lumleys lowered their crest to none, and it is said that when Bishop James, in awed tones, was recounting the matter to King James I., then on a visit, the King

was so much bored that he cut the speaker short by exclaiming: "By my saul, mon, I didna ken that Adam was a Lumley."

Bishop James must have had an unfortunate manner that irritated the King, his namesake, for later he died of grief at having been roundly scolded by the monarch in his own Castle at Durham.

To the east lies Houghton-le-Spring, with Warden Law rising above it. The name of the town is derived from the Holy Well or Spring, the water of which flows down from the heights through the large pit village at the base. Bernard Gilpin was rector here for a quarter of a century in the time of Queen Elizabeth. His manner of living was marked by the true frugality which ever characterises the saint. A thorn tree planted by Gilpin is still shown at the Rectory, but the house in which he lived, including that western tower, which had stood since 1483, has all gone.

Exactly a century after the building of that tower the man of a sweet, fearless nature died, and his altar tomb stands within the church, the care of which seemed to him preferable to the power of a Bishopric. His epitaph runs:

" See here his Dust shut up whose Generous mind
No stop before in Honour's path could finde,
Truth, Faith and Justice, and a Loyall Heart
In him Showd Nature, which in most is Art."

Gilpin's fame as a preacher shone no less brightly than the fame of his character; and his sermons—in an age when sermons were given serious attention—were known, not only in his own diocese up to the Borders, but even to the Court at St. James's. Whether he was speaking to the rude Border clansmen or the gallants and ladies, his words were winged to reach hearts.

Many a story has naturally gathered about such a man, and we are told that even a border thief who carried off his horses restored them on hearing to whom they belonged. Bishop Barnes, who came second in succession after Tunstall, found fault with Gilpin, and suspended him, and finally commanded him to preach before him at Chester-le-Street, which Gilpin did, with utter fearlessness, rebuking the practices the Bishop himself permitted in his diocese. His friends were horror-struck at this rashness, but his words had penetrated the Bishop's self-complacency, and with true generosity of character he acknowledged: " You are fitter to be Bishop of Durham

than I am to be pastor of this church of yours."

Gilpin was summoned to London by the rabid Queen Mary, but, by what seemed to him an interposing miracle, he broke his leg on the journey and, thus retarded, did not arrive until the Queen had died. Otherwise he might have testified with his blood at the stake as others had done.

His life shone out like a lantern in a dark world. He was called "The Apostle of the North." His charity was great. He kept at his own expense four and twenty scholars, whom he fed, boarded and lodged. A great pot of boiled meat was ready for the hungry in his kitchen every Thursday throughout the year. It was due to him that the revenues of the dissolved Kepyer Hospital were used to endow a school called by that name at Houghton. In person he was tall and slender, with aquiline features and kindly grey eyes. His gentleness was only equalled by his fearlessness, and legends of his iron firmness of will, mingled with characteristic sweetness, linger still to hallow his home.

Lambton, with its light-coloured sandstone, dates chiefly from the middle of the nineteenth

century, its rebuilding being rendered necessary by subsidence due to a coal pit; thus it does not attract the attention of antiquaries. Yet the estate has been in the family of Lambton from the twelfth century. The first Earl of Durham, who had previously been raised to the peerage as Baron Durham, was created Earl in 1833, a significant date in the history of the county, as it was then the Palatinate privileges, heretofore enjoyed by the Bishops, were taken over by the Crown. Previously to this the territorial title, being, for all practical purposes, embodied in the Bishops, had never been used elsewhere.

Connected with Lambton there is one of the best legends to be found in this or any other county, a story which differs from that of Brancepeth in having some point and action. The "Loathly Worm of Lambton" is known to all legend collectors, whatever their locality, but it must be retold, as no book on Durham could be considered complete without it.

The heir of the house, who was profaning the Sabbath by fishing instead of attending to his religious duties, hooked up a small worm, which he carelessly threw into a well near by. This worm miraculously grew and grew until, being too

large for the well, it emerged and coiled itself round a hill or mound, pointed out subsequently as Worm Hill. At times it left this place for the river, where it settled on a crag, and presumably ate fish, but, not being satisfied with that diet, it required the milk of nine cows—the number nine being similar to the number of times it coiled itself round the hill. To bear witness to the truth of its tastes there is the fact that snakes to this day will emerge from holes to lap a saucer of milk. If the neighbouring folk did not supply their quota of milk, the Loathly Worm ravaged the countryside, devouring man and beast.

The young man who was responsible for all this returned from the Crusades to find the effect of his youthful folly the terror of the neighbourhood. He had never lacked pluck, according to the qualities of his house. He went forth to slay the beast, but found it impossible by reason of the fact that, when he did manage to hew a piece off it, it immediately joined up with the main body again. He therefore visited a Wise Woman, and promised her her own conditions if she would tell him how to get rid of the monster. She agreed, and made him agree that if he was successful in the combat he would slay as a sacrifice the

first living thing that came to greet him thereafter, according to the story of Jephthah.

The young man promised, and thereafter, in obedience to her suggestions, attired himself in a coat of mail studded all over with sharp spikes or blades. He then took up his station on the crag in the river; the worm, soon espying him, leapt upon him and coiled itself about him in many folds, but as it gripped him more tightly the blades cut through its coils, and piece by piece it fell into the water and drifted away downstream, so any rejoining of the main body was impossible.

When the last vestiges of the creature vanished, the youth blew his horn in triumph, having warned his father that at this signal of victory his favourite hound should be let loose to be a sacrifice in honour of his promise. Unfortunately, as he was hastening homewards, he met his father instead, the old man having forgotten the warning in his excitement at the triumphant result.

Another visit to the Wise Woman followed, and the two were absolved on accepting for their house the alternative curse that no head of the family should die in his bed for nine generations,

a number which accorded with the coils of the worm. It is stated, as a matter of history, that General Lambton, who served under Sir Arthur Wellesley, at Seringapatam, was the first of the heads of the house to die thus for nine generations, which clearly proves the truth of the story. There is still pointed out the low mound called the Worm Hill, but the Worm Well has long since disappeared.

The name Penshaw means a wooded eminence, but there is certainly no trace of wood on the bold height which rises above the village of that name at the present day.

Standing high, unconcealed by any trees, is a Doric temple with eighteen columns, a monument to the Earl of Durham, who died in 1840. The building itself is not very imposing, but seen at a distance it attracts attention.

The way from here onward to Gateshead grows more and more depressing; the smoke of the pits is over it all. It is a mere succession of dreary places. The older line runs parallel eastward, close under the Penshaw monument. Between the two lies Washington, where it is said the ancestors of George Washington lived.

Not far off is Biddick, of which in 1595 it was written :

" There is a navigable river runninge alonge the domaine, and there is coles gotten in five several places, the furthest place thereof is not three miles from the house (Biddick Hall) and I (George Bowes) have sonk a shafte within the domaine haveing only bestowed £4 charges, and have alreadye gotten some coles, which, if the seame of coles prove to be 3quarters of a yeard thicke, the same with 200£ stocke will yeald 200£ per annum cleare bennefitt."

There is a very human note in this same Mr. Bowes' will concerning his wife :

" I doe and ought to acknowledge that her chastity, love and heedfullness and good government of my estate, deserveth right hye commendation ; yet this let her remember, that her nature being both hastie and she splenetick and fearfull of my governing my estait, hath many times troubled my heart in regard that my trust was so greate in her, that I could not eavenly digeste the least worde or shewe of anger towards mee."

Ravensworth Castle, about a mile west of the main line, stands in its own woods in a district wholly given over to commercialism. The present castle was built from Nash's designs about the beginning of the nineteenth century. But there

had been a "place" here long before that. Ravensworth had a very strong propensity, not uncommon in such places, of passing by the marriage of a sole heiress into another family, as the string of names of those have held the manor prove. But for a century or more past the place has been held by the Liddells, who belong by family history more to Northumberland than Durham. A Liddell defended Newcastle for the king in the Civil Wars. He was the first baronet, and his great-grandson was the first Lord Ravensworth, and though the earlier title became extinct, it was revived in the ancestor of the present Baron Ravensworth in 1821.

Low Fell, with its better-class suburban houses, comes before Bensham, which leads on to Gateshead. The teeming population of such places now finds an outlet in the constant service of motor-'buses which have revolutionised their lives. The rows and rows and rows of brick and slate houses built to pattern must be seen to be believed. But even seeing is not realisation. The brain marks them as an illusion or recurring trick such as the repeatedly presented supers in a stage army.

In many cases we find two towns of almost equal importance facing each other across a river.

LUMLEY CASTLE.

On the Durham coast we have Sunderland and Monkwearmouth, South Shields and Tynemouth, the two Stocktons, Middlesbrough (Yorkshire) and Port Clarence, and here we strike Newcastle and Gateshead.

It is a common error to look upon Gateshead as nothing more than a large suburb of Newcastle, but this is a fundamental mistake. Gateshead is not so large as Newcastle, and is overshadowed by it, and down the procession of the years Newcastle has tried to make it "knuckle under," but it has sturdily held its own. At the present day it is one of the dreariest places imaginable certainly, with "works" of every sort defiling its atmosphere with their emanations, and making it hideous to the sight, yet Gateshead is a place with a long lineage, and its industries have been important through all the ages of known history. In 1626 Gateshead was rated at £50 ship-money, whereas Sunderland was only called upon for £20, and Darlington for £25. Glass-making, once one of the leading industries of the county, now survives in only three places, of which Gateshead is one.

The most highly-coloured event in its history was undoubtedly the killing of Bishop Walcher, the first Bishop appointed by the Norman William

to the See of Durham. Walcher's brutality toward the Saxon noble Liulph and his family had aroused the stubborn temper of the Northmen.

He went to Gateshead trusting in his own position to hold him safe, but he was set upon and mobbed, and when he took refuge in the church, was burnt out and slain. The church stood a little east of the present one, in a field which retained the name of " Lawless Close," in memory of this deed.

The river divides the two towns and two counties, Durham on the south bank, Northumberland on the north. The boundary was formerly one-third of the way across the water, and was marked by a blue stone on the bridge.

It is probably not known to many that Daniel Defoe lived for a while in Gateshead, and there wrote " Robinson Crusoe." As he was born and died in London, it is usually assumed that his life was passed in the south country.

The government of Gateshead was by a Bailiff appointed by the Bishops of Durham, who upheld the rights of the see against encroachment. Great part of the town history may be summed up in disputes with Newcastle about

the river, and sturdy resistance of attempts at incorporation. In the days of the monks the fisheries were of substantial value, and the Elders of the Haliwerefolk (holy-work-people) were determined to hold their rights. These holy-work-people were those exempted from military service for the performance of prayer and service to the Religious Orders.

In 1336 " the fishermen of the Lord Bishop and Prior —— were utterly routed and disturbed from their saif free sale and were haled and drawn to sell their fish in Newcastle market. Moreover none of the Halywerefolk were suffered to lade or discharge on their own side of the Tyne, and even the Prior's own proper wool coming from Halieland (Holy Island), and landed on the Prior's soil at le Sheles, was seized and the ship carried into Newcastle—and if the Scheles fishermen sell their fish to the very Bishop himself or to the Prior, the Bailiffs of Newcastle hale and tug and imprison, fine and amerce them, and put to rout all who attempt to carry without composition firewood, turf, cole, tinder and other articles of necessity along the Tyne to the side of the Bishopric."

But " worst and most grievous " of all was it when one William de Ullesam fell into the river and was drowned. Then came wicked men of Newcastle and, finding the body within the

Bishop's water, actually dragged it across to Newcastle before they returned it for burial to the churchyard of "the blessed St. Mary of Gateshead."

The feud grew to frenzy when the wicked Newcastleites succeeded in getting an Act passed in 1552 for the amalgamation of the two towns.

Gateshead rose as one man and declared among other remarks as follows:

"The Towne of Gateshead is ruled by the Bayliff and Burgesses, and hath good and holsome constitutions and ordinances within themselves, and is as well governed for justice as they are in Newcastell, punishing all offenders which caste rubbishe and clensinge of their howses into the river of Tyne, and therefore the suggestion, which they alleage in the statute of unitinge the Townes, is manifestly intrew, for that it is evidently knowen for that the south sid of the river, which is toward Gateshead, is deep and more cleane than that sid toward Newe Castell. . . .

"And if it should be united in Newcastell, and we are not within the county of Durham, it would be replenished with evell-disposed persons and theves, because it is without their walls, as is the north parte of Newcastell, whereas now in Gateshead their are a great nomber of substantial honeste men, faythful and trewe subjects, as did appeare in the late rebellion, some merchaunts, some drapers, and other honest artificers, whome

the towne of Newcastell dothe envie because they dwell so nie unto them."

Gateshead is still known far and wide for its drapers!

The original Tyne bridge is supposed to owe its first building to the Emperor Hadrian. It was burnt and rebuilt and repaired—which amounted to rebuilding—several times, and always the blue stone, one-third of the way across, marked the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Durham. In November, 1771, there was a tremendous flood. The bridge, like almost all old bridges of any size, had houses built along it. When the middle arch, and afterwards another, gave way with a mighty crash, no less than eight of these houses were completely swept away, and the following day the remaining arch, which had stood a mere fragment above the surging flood, went too, with four more, followed by the whole part up to Gateshead itself. There were, besides the houses, three towers on this bridge, one of which was used as a prison. For one Harry Wallis, having insulted an Alderman under the influence of liquor, was confined there, and, finding stowed away a large quantity of malt, occupied his enforced leisure in shovelling it into the river, shouting out:

"O base mault
Thou dist fault,
And into the Tyne thou shalt."

Shades of Halywerefolk—what would ye say to see now three high-level bridges and one swing roadway bridge, all within an easy mile. From the large steamers loading or discharging at the wharfs the eye rises up the steep streets of Gateshead to the smoke-blackened tower of the Church with its white clock face.

The ruined chapel of St. Edmund was long an interesting relic in Gateshead, but under the name of Trinity Chapel (restored) it has ceased to be so. The names of the Riddells and Ellisons were connected with the house of the same name. In the churchyard of St. Mary's is buried Robert Trollop, architect of the Newcastle Town Hall, whose epitaph has often been quoted in collections of such things :

"Here lies Robert Trollop,
Who made yon stones roll up ;
When Death took his soul up
His body filled this hole up."

The chief wonder about him is that Newcastle ever so demeaned itself as to give such an important job to a Gateshead man.

CHAPTER VIII

THE COAST AND INLAND

Most of the greater towns of Durham lie on, or to the east of, the main line of railway, which cuts the county in two by running north and south. As is perhaps natural they cluster on the sea-coast where transport for goods is cheap. The writer in the "Victoria County History" calls Durham the "home of lost industries." At the beginning of the nineteenth century it had a world-wide reputation for pottery, glass, carpets, linen, leather, mustard and nails, and most of these are now extinct or moribund. Durham mustard used to be in wide demand, but has been beaten out in competition with a much-advertised brand.

These industries have been replaced by the building of ships, the working of iron, and the making of chemicals, to say nothing of coal-mining which still is, as it always has been, the staple industry. But even these works have changed in character recently. At one time, enormous iron and steel works spread over many

parts of the county, and now their action is confined to the smelting and working, rather than the mining of iron.

It will probably be news to most people to hear that Durham is the greatest shipbuilding county in the United Kingdom. At Jarrow there are works where, alone in the whole world, the whole process can be seen in one place, from the mass of ironstone up to the finished product. Small wonder that though there stood but one house here in 1851, there is now a town of over 70,000 inhabitants.

Jarrow of the past and Jarrow of the present contrast strangely. It is coupled for all time with the name of Monkwearmouth, the earliest church on that part of the mainland. Jarrow stands out luminously from its association with the Venerable Bede, who passed the greater part of his life in the monastery here. Even now something of the spirit of peace can be caught where once Bede's great brain wrestled with the difficulties of presenting to the people of England the sacred scriptures in their own tongue. Bede died when only sixty-two, but the greater part of his life had been spent in translations and annotations, and in teaching the band of scholarly youths who were

his devoted disciples and carried on his work. His exercise was taken in the simple farm duties among the live stock of his monastery. He was buried in Jarrow church, but his remains were later removed, as we have seen, to Durham Cathedral.

Jarrow itself, with its streets of industrial houses, and the general atmosphere of smoke and grime which it shares with all such towns, is not lovely. In the " works " district, the clang of the rivetters, the roar of furnaces, the fumes from chemical works, make a hell for the senses. But as we run through toward the basin, the singular sight of low-built fishermen's whitened cottages in rows strike a redeeming note. Then the church comes into sight, standing clear in its graveyard amid the hummocks caused by the ballast of years gone by, dumped down from ships long since broken up. The situation is very good, for the fine old tower rises overlooking the tidal basin or slake, with its gaunt rows of reflected posts, and out over them to the river and docks.

The church is reverently kept. The groined roof beneath the central tower, and the ancient unspoiled chancel, with its small deep-set Saxon windows, can never be forgotten even after

inspection of scores of other churches. In the chancel stands "Bede's Chair"; the impious minded may mock, but the roughly-shaped wooden back and seat, so unlike anything else, and the very primitive workmanship, carry conviction of extreme age to a mind not closed to conviction. It may well have been the seat of the mighty man through whom the Gospel was re-born for Britain. Over the chancel arch is an inscription undoubtedly genuine. It is in Latin, and relates to the building of the first church here; the Roman characters are helped out by two in Saxon. A treasure of another character is the fine Velasquez painting over the pulpit.

Jarrow was the corollary to Monkwearmouth. Benedict Biscop, that enlightened man with the ecclesiastical name, was the builder of both churches.

At the Monastery of Monkwearmouth, Bede was born and educated, being when quite young sent on to the sister house. Standing so near to the coast and on the wide river mouth, Jarrow was subject to raids from the sea rovers. As a young boy, Bede's imagination must have been filled with tales of these dread freebooters, and he lived under the continual threat of their

descent. There were other terrors of a different kind.

Bede himself has told us that in a visitation of the plague, only the abbot and one boy were left to chant the daily services, the boy obviously being himself. At that time the founder was absent on the continent, and it was on his return that the church was consecrated in 684. These early experiences did not mar the deep-rooted quality of peace so characteristic of the great saint in his later days. Lying close outside the church are the blackened remains of some portion of the monastic walls.

Linked to Jarrow by long unlovely rows of utilitarian dwellings is South Shields. The amount of retail business done in the shops of these large industrial towns of the north is incredible. Men who work in such surroundings have their compensations. Wages are high beyond the dreams of the south country agricultural labourer, and the women with bulging wrist-bags of imitation leather know how to spend it lavishly. They invade the drapers or other large emporia, spending freely and frequently. The turn-over in some of these shops is staggering.

The goods in some instances are priced so low

that it is a mystery how they can be handled at the price, but they are only the fringe, the tentacles or feelers, so to speak, to lay hold on customers and draw them to the more costly goods within. In the evenings, when the brilliant artificial light glares on rain-soaked pavements, and the shops keep open late, they often resemble a day of the London sales, so great is the crowd of jostling and pushing people at the counters. Shrewd as the wives of the working mechanics are, they are caught by glitter like other folk, and as the choice offered them is usually among crude colours or none at all, crude colours they must get. There is a revulsion to be noted in all classes at the present day from the sombre blacks and browns deemed proper to middle age two generations ago. No longer is good black silk or satin the height of any matron's desire. In these drab smoky surroundings, where living colour is scarce, the need of it is intensified in the breasts of the women; they desire it just as sorely, or more sorely, than any women living elsewhere.

South Shields has one claim to the remembrance of posterity which cannot be overlooked. In 1789 the men of the *Adventure* were wrecked at the entrance to the harbour. With the wild

sea driving straight down the inlet, and the impelling wind screeching in the ears of those in the streets, no boat could put out to save them. They clung to the rigging of the little ship in despair, for they knew they were doomed. Numbed by the icy cold and soused by the bitter water, one by one they loosed their hold and fell into the oncoming grey waves. Those who watched and saw them go were filled with the bitterness of impotence. This made an immense impression, and eventually one Greathead, a boat-builder, evolved the idea of a boat which could not be upset. Such a boat he made, and it was launched—the first life-boat in our island—on June 30th, 1790. A long time was to elapse before the idea was established as a regular practice all round the coast, and only this year, 1924, is the Royal National Life-boat Institution celebrating its centenary. But the germ of the idea was born here in the brain of a man at South Shields. Some say that Greathead only planned the boat, and that the notion was suggested to him by William Wouldhave, parish clerk—a name that would have delighted Dickens.

At any rate, that first life-boat was the means of saving over a thousand lives, and a drinking

fountain memorial has been erected to its joint originators.

South Shields is lucky in having some of the carven limestone caverns which are so enthralling to children close outside its doors. Marsden Rocks, fine and even formidable, show isolated masses which resemble those of parts of the Cornish coast ; they are visited by thousands on holidays. The greatest of all these freaks is Marsden Rock itself, with a neatly sculptured arch.

Farther south is the little seaside village of Whitburn, midway between the mouths of Tyne and Wear, so escaping as much of the smoke of either as is possible. The inhabitants live by letting lodgings, and never lack customers in the season.

Whitburn enjoys the unusual charm of having rocks and a sandy bay, too, and from the high walk on the cliffs displays a varied and wide view. Its bay is shared with Roker, the seaside resort of Sunderland, neatly laid out with all things proper to a " resort " of this kind : gardens, pier and asphalte walks.

Inland is the district of Boldon which gave its name to the Domesday Book of Durham, compiled by Bishop Pudsey, though the book was not

written here, as might be imagined. Boldon, by virtue of its initial letter, happens to be the first entry given in full, and later places being held under the same tenure are referred back to it.

And so we come to Monkwearmouth, sister church to Jarrow, and, like it, shining with an inward light that has remained through all the murk as the first of the Christian churches in England. The first church was built here by Benedict Biscop, who had travelled and had ideas. It was the earliest of the stone churches with glass windows. The 1250th anniversary was celebrated in 1924. Biscop brought over workmen and material from the Continent, and planned his church in the dimensions of Solomon's Temple, using feet instead of cubits as the unit. The long thin tower carries its old history in its dignity of line, and, in spite of the rebuilding at the end of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth centuries, few places have a church on which they can look with so much pride and satisfaction.

Monkwearmouth stands now in a hollow, hemmed in all round the graveyard by mean streets, and it is remarked as odd that records certainly tell us the original church was on a small eminence, as in the case of Jarrow. The idea is

suggested that the ballast brought by trading ships, here as well as to Jarrow, was dumped down until the ground around on which the modern houses are built was raised. The first detail that strikes the visitor as he passes down toward the building is the fine south door, which, with the tower above, is the oldest part.

Across the river is Bishop Wearmouth, a suburb of Sunderland, united by a tremendous iron-girder bridge, very famous at the time it was built. It owed its origin to the family of Burdon, now connected with Castle Eden.

As has happened in so many similar cases, the old village, originally standing here, now only marked by a small patch of green, was the first to be established, and the colossal Sunderland, which has so far outstripped its mother place, spread later.

" The rapid growth of Sunderland was one of the marvels of the early Victorian age," thus says a writer in the " Victoria County History."

Sir Henry Havelock was born at Ford Hall, Sunderland.

Its charters dated 1180 and 1634. The first, Bishop Pudsey's, is similar to that granted to Durham, but it was included in Bishop Wearmouth until 1719, and it was not until 1835 it

became a municipal borough. It was the headquarters of the Parliamentarians in the Civil Wars of the seventeenth century, and profited thereby, for the coal trade was diverted from Newcastle, which held out for the King; thus Sunderland reaped the benefit, and from this started its flourishing career.

In 1669 one Edward Andrew was granted Letters Patent to build a pier and otherwise improve the harbourage at Sunderland, and to raise contributions for the same. Also the masters of vessels were prevented from casting their ballast within a mile of the harbour. This ballast casting has had other curious effects on the East coast than raising the level of the land, for specimens of strange plants have sometimes been found growing in it, thus transported from their native countries. Coal, salt and glass were at that time the chief exports of the town.

Pallion, which may be described as a landward suburb, has always been associated with lime.

A writer in 1767 says of Sunderland:

"It is a populous, well-built seaport and borough town, though it sends no representatives to Parliament. Either in Mr. Camden's time it was not at all in being, or else so small and inconsiderable, as not to deserve his notice. At high

water it is a peninsula almost surrounded by the sea, which, seeming to pull it asunder from the main land, may be thought to give it its name. The Market, which is but small, is kept on Fridays, but when the Road is well filled with colliers, then trade is more brisk at the shambles."

The explanation of the name is ingenious, but scarcely convincing.

This enormous town, with its well laid-out streets, its great houses and its industries, seems to grip and smother the mouth of the Wear, reaching out far into the country to the southward. Yet above all its blinding activities the clang of the monastery bells may be heard in fancy.

The two Wearmouths are, after all, part and parcel of it, though perhaps it might be a better analogy to liken it to the overgrown child of two old parents.

Hilton Castle, three miles inland from Sunderland, in a broad valley by the Wear, conveys the idea that it is very modern when one first looks at it, but some of the original castle remains. The battlements, like those at Alnwick, are decorated with stone figures, a fancy of the time, supposed to convey the impression that the garrison were ever on the alert.

The ancient family of Hilton were very proud, and held pride of place among the county gentry, so that in the seventeenth century it was adduced as an instance of great push and presumption that the Dean had seated himself above Baron Hilton at Quarter Sessions, and that the young Lady Carletons had crowded themselves into a pew in the Cathedral above Baron Hilton's daughters.

Hilton was distinguished by the possession of a Brownie, who made himself busy among the pots and pans. If they had been left in disorder, he arranged them, but if they had been put tidily away, he took a delight in flinging them in all directions, in a spirit of pure contrariety. The servants were quite familiar with his appearance, and being tired of his pranks, had resort to the usual expedient for getting rid of such creatures, by putting a hood and suit of Lincoln green out for him in front of the kitchen fire. They watched him try them on, and dance skittishly with delight, before vanishing into the woods; the prescription in this case at least proved quite successful.

"Here's a cloke and here's a Hood
The Cauld lad of Hilton will do no more good."

Surtees suggests that belief in the Brownie may have originated in a ghost story, the ghost being the spirit of the unfortunate stable lad killed by Robert Hilton in 1609 in a fit of temper.

Baron Hilton is said to have been the last man in England to keep a domestic fool, and the story goes that when the Baron, returning from London, dressed in a gaudy court suit made by "some false 'Southron,'" walked through his own grounds and encountered the Fool at a plank bridge the latter stared at his trappings and then, with a smile dawning on his faithful stupid face, asked: "Wha's Fule now?"

The inventory of the furniture of Sir William Hilton in 1600 bears out Surtees' theory as to the paucity of furnishings in those days: In the "Green Chamber," are enumerated only

"Hangings and one little cupboard, and an old case of a pair of virginals; in the parlor, one large old table with a green cloth, eighteen buffit stools, an old chair, and a pair of virginals, three little forms of fir deal, four tables with arms, a little liverie cupboard,"

in the nursery only "one long settle bed and one feather bed."

SEA-SHORE AT SOUTH SHIELDS.

In 1322, we find among other bequests to the Chapel—" all the honey and wax of the wild bees inhabiting the trees in Bermeston Park."

The rising ground of Warden Law drops down on the seaward side to Ryhope, another seaside place much appreciated in these thickly-populated industrial districts. Ryhope, with its fringing rocks and pools and caverns, and its dene, is quite a good seaside place for children, though the soles of the youngsters' feet must be hardened to stand the shingle, which is abundant along this strip of coast. The dene is still unspoiled, though the plague of red brick has spread about over much ground inland.

Seaham Harbour sprung up during the nineteenth century from a bare stretch of coast to a town of amazing activity. It is all due to the family of the Marquess of Londonderry, chief proprietor, one of whose seats, Seaham Hall, is in the neighbourhood. Lord Byron was married in the drawing-room of this house in 1815.

In 1337 we find the vicar of Dalton-le-Dale complaining that his parishioners are so reduced he cannot get a living, and that " he cannot excuse himself from the charges of hospitality which he

has hitherto exercised beyond his possible means." In this respect he does not differ from many modern vicars.

Another of the famous denes of the Durham coast is to be found in Hawthorndene, a name more familiar to most people in connection with the glen in Eskdale, Scotland, than on the Durham coast. The origin of this name is obvious, and probably in this instance it may be correct as well, for hawthorns, strong and testy against the outrageous winds, succeed in growing freely where nothing else will.

Down the whole length of this coast a little inland runs a very ancient road known as Salters' Way.

Inland lies slightly rising ground with Haswell on the summit, and Hetton-le-Hole down below, as the secondary name implies. A very active colliery district this. Hetton-le-Hole is so noted to distinguish it from Hetton-le-Hill and South Hetton.

Farther south is Thornley, where Bishop William de Barbara retired, and fortified himself in his struggle with the usurper Comyn. For many generations the family of Trollope was connected with Thornley. The first Trollope of Thornley

died 1401, seised of the manors of Thornley and Mordon in right of his wife.

His son, also named John, left his three daughters each twenty pounds "to get them husbands."

The Trollopes were great on making wills, and such items as beds, etc., are mentioned separately in these documents. The Trollope who died in the earlier part of the fifteenth century, left to his widow,

"the covering of a bed he bought of John Blaxton with trees and bestis thereuppon of tapstrewarke."

One later in the line, gives his wife a testimonial:

"Also whereas God has given unto me an honeste parte in this world which is a good wyfe, who haithe been and is not onelie moche comfortable to me but also moche profitable, and knowing her minde is yat I shall be good father to my children—therefore I bequieth to my doghters, Dorathe, Elsabethe for their advancement in marriage a hundrethe pounds a piece."

He also leaves to his mother "an ambling mayre or an ambling nagg."

One Trollope, who made his will forty years before his death, was thoughtful enough to ensure

that " neighbours shall have an honest dyner the day of my buriall."

Surtees remarks :

" Whilst the castles of the greater barons blazed with plate and jewellery, the middling Gentry seem to have scarcely possessed furniture for one state room, and a few personal and hereditary trinkets. A red bed and single set of tapestry hangings descend from generation to generation, long after the moths must have acquired a right of occupancy. The gold chain, the signet and the seal of arms are for the heir ; whilst to the younger children a few silver spoons are esteemed a considerable legacy."

In 1569 the then John Trollope was mixed up in rebellion, and suffered under an Act of Attainder ; he was pardoned five years later, but did not recover his estate. After many years of desperate struggle the family was reinstated in 1613, but the Trollopes never recovered their comfortable position ; piece after piece of land was alienated and mortgaged. They espoused the King's cause in the Civil Wars, beggared but upstanding. In 1678 the last survivor of the family sold the manor, all that was left to him, and the family burial-place, dying four years later. The manor was bought by the Spearmans, a well-known Durham family.

Thornley has always been intimately connected with Sherburn House, of which an account has been given in another place. Lands around Thornley were left to Sherburn, and the bequest carried with it the right of the election of one In-brother to the Hospital, a right which has always been scrupulously observed in all the revisions of the scheme of this ancient charity.

The direct road from Sherburn to the coast runs right through Thornley to Castle Eden Dene. On the swell, on the low range of limestone hills halfway, is a place known as Signing Bank, from the fact that the pilgrims, coming from the coast, here first caught sight of the towered abbey, rising from the rich plain, and crossed themselves, falling on their knees in ecstatic devotion.

There are more Sherburns than Hettons, and to a newcomer the effect is bewildering. There are some quaint names to be found in this corner of the county—Running Waters speaks sweetly in the ear, but hardly so does Tail-upon-End. Ludworth Colliery, showering black fume and smut impartially around, sheds it on what surely is the oddest neighbour a colliery ever had, that is, the old tower or keep of Ludworth, a straight up-and-down defensive building like a Border

Peel. In 1422 Sir Thomas Holden received permission to embattle his manor of Ludworth, and secure he made it, for the entrance to this fragment is almost inaccessible.

Of the many north country denes, Castle Eden is the best known, partly, maybe, because it has a name for rare plants and butterflies, unfound but in this sequestered spot, and partly because in a dull and ugly country its beauties have been carefully preserved.

This is the account given by Surtees, who lacked no power of description :

" It may be amusing to reflect for a moment on the state in which these grants represent a district still wild and romantic six centuries ago. The castle (of which the certain site cannot now be traced, but which doubtless stood near to the vill, the chapel and the lake) towering above dark ancient woods ; the Chapel almost hid on the edge of its little dene, and a few huts huddled together for protection round the mansion of their feudal lord. The dene and the moor useless except for the purpose of firing, or for supplying thatch and timber for the miserable cottages of the peasantry, and the extent of moss and moor, wood, lake and waste, broken only by partial patches of cultivation. If the reader would people the scene, he has only to conceive the feudal lord in chace of the stag, with his train of half-

naked serfs ; or the monks of Durham, with their black hoods and scapularies, wandering under cliffs overspread by giant yews, which cast anchor in the rock, or pealing their anthems in deep glens amidst the noise of woods and waterfalls."

The dene is four miles long, and is only open on written application. This has been found necessary in order to preserve anything of its original beauty in this populous district. The Gunner's Pool, the Devil's Stones, and Robert Bruce's Ladder, all mark natural features in the scenery. These carry various traditions, one of which is that the Devil was carrying stones across the pool in his apron when the string broke and they all fell out. The reason of this strange action on his part is still more strange, as he is said locally to have been carrying them to help in the building of the Abbey ! What connection Robert Bruce had with the chasm, up which a rock-climber can make his way, legend does not say.

There is a certain resemblance to the south coast of Cornwall in this eastern side of Durham, with its bare high ground inland and its many clefts in the land seaward, a resemblance which has never been remarked.

Eden is twice mentioned as "Yoden" or "Jodene" before the Conquest. In the time of Bishop Cutheard, Ringwald the Dane descended on these coasts, and gave the lands he seized to two of his captains, Scula and Onlafbal. Scula received Jodene, but it was Onlafbal who suffered for it—but he brought it on himself—for he penetrated to the very church and shrine of St. Cuthbert, then at Chester-le-Street, uttering impious threats of pillage, and was pinned on the threshold with his feet crossed, and could not be removed until in his agony he acknowledged the power of the saint, and immediately afterwards expired.

The rest of the Danes, Scula among them, hearing of this manifestation of power, took to their ships and returned whence they came.

In 1758 the manor came into the possession of the Rowland Burdons, with whose family it still remains.

To the south is the smaller and much less known dene of Monk Hesleden. Surtees derives this name from the hazels growing there, but his derivations suffer from being too obvious, for instance, he derives Quarrington from the quarries but in old days it was always spelt Quarenton.

THE TEES AT BARNARD CASTLE.

Between the two denes are the famous Blackhall Rocks, the goal of many a picnic party.

At the date of Boldon Book, Quarringdon was the capital of a district including the Sherburns, Shadforth and Cassop; the headman held an oxgang of land, the smith (always an important member of the community) twelve acres, and the "punder" twenty acres, for which he rendered sixty hens and 1,000 eggs. One wonders how the eggs were preserved before the days of water-glass.

During the Civil Wars the Scots were quartered at Easington, where they found "prety good quarters for their horses." Then they went on and established themselves under Quarrington Hill.

In 1747 a detachment of the Duke of Cumberland's army lay under Quarrington Hill.

Coxhoe Hall, not far off, was built by John Burdon in 1725. Here Elizabeth Barrett, afterwards wife of Robert Browning, was born on March 6th, 1806.

Trimdon can point proudly to the fact that it was here King Canute alighted, divested of every emblem of royalty, to commence his long barefoot walk to the shrine of St. Cuthbert, five miles over

the moor of Garmondsway, which still retains its ancient name.

In spite of its bald growth, and the frequent collieries, there is much that is of interest in all this district. The church at Pittington or Hallgarth is very ancient, and retains some of its old features. The spiral ornament of the pillars and dog-tooth moulding of the arches are very ancient. The Prior of Durham had a residence here.

We must, however, get back to the coast. The next outpost in the line of harbours is made by the two Hartlepools, which, like Monkwearmouth, are connected with the very beginnings of Christianity in the north. At least one of them is, East Hartlepool, which stands out on a promontory curving over like the doubled fingers of a hand. Here in 640 A.D. was founded a convent, of which St. Hilda, afterwards associated with Whitby Abbey, was for a short time Prioress. The church of St. Hilda still keeps her memory alive. This very unusual dedication was retained after the Reformation, when so many names were altered because of the pride felt in so distinguished a patroness. The church comes as a surprise. It is now surrounded outside the graveyard by houses of a by no means stimulating type, but

the fabric itself is a grand example of early thirteenth century work, and what makes it so notable is the fact that it is almost entirely of that period. The solid tower is strongly reinforced with buttresses which stand out like fortress walls; these were found necessary about forty years after the original building to support the tower, which with its arcaded mouldings and parapet and pinnacles is most decorative without being overloaded. The great church has a clerestory, and seen from almost any point presents a superb picture of dignity and elegance combined. The chancel is the only modern part.

The town was at one time a strongly fortified place, for which its situation excellently fitted it. Some remains of the massive walls still exist in the neighbourhood of the great basin lying between the two Hartlepools, second to none in England for size and convenience. In connection with the walls an ancient tale is told, which down the ages has provoked much merriment. In the days when "Boney" was a terror round all the coasts, an Indiaman came sailing in to Hartlepool with a large monkey on board. The animal was sent ashore in a boat, but, escaping overboard, swam to the walls and climbed up a great bastion,

coming face to face with some astonished fishermen, who, never having seen either a monkey or a Frenchman before, mistook the one for the other, and promptly seizing the poor beast, hanged it from the ramparts. Even to this day when the Hartlepool Rovers go afield to play the lads of Durham or Newcastle at football, they are greeted with catcalls and cries of: "Who hanged the monkey?"

In the Great War, Hartlepool was the first of the coast towns to be bombarded, and suffered severely as early as December 16th, 1914.

The name of the place has given rise to much fanciful conjecture, of which Hart in the Pool is the most obvious, and in proof of this derivation it is pointed out that the civic seal shows a stag above a pool, but the best authorities say this is but a rebus, being derived from the name, and not carrying any proof. The little village of Hart, two miles inland, is a pretty place nestling amid trees; this is the mother of the larger towns on the coast. The ancient church contains some remains of pre-Conquest date, and the tower goes back to the Conqueror's time. A very ornate font of Perpendicular work attracts unwonted attention.

The whole district was originally called Heorternesse. When the Conqueror avenged the murder of Comyn, he entered Heorternesse, wasting and warring with fire and sword. A very interesting item in the later history of the place is that it was held by the family of Bruce down to that Robert Bruce who became King of Scotland, after which his English estates were seized. In 1614 it became a question as to whether Hartlepool or Barnard Castle was the more important borough to return a Member to Parliament, and Hartlepool is then described slightingly as "a poore towne not having a sufficient man to hold the honour."

As is the fashion hereabouts, Hartlepool has its coast resort, and Seaton Carew compares favourably with any other. The sands are famous, and there are good golf links. It is a glorious playground, preserving something of the genuine village in its aspect still, though even at the beginning of the nineteenth century it was known as a summer resort.

Inland from Seaton lies the venerable hospital of Greatham, founded about a hundred years later than Sherburn, and never so well endowed or so well known, but still enjoying secluded peace.

From the beginning it has formed a refuge for thirteen poor men, and thirteen poor men still abide in its shade. The buildings are simple, the little pavilion of early nineteenth century design (Prince Regent style), over the centre of the low range of single rooms and the common rooms of the brethren, is the only attempt at ornamentation. The fine old eighteenth century house of the Master has dignity, and looks out over green lawns beyond the balustraded terrace to a deep glen, where fine trees grow. There is a quaint room-like little chapel under the very shadow of the parish church. But with all its simplicity the spirit of the foundation is undisturbed; the Master is still Master here, unlike Sherburn, where indiscriminating changes are rapidly reducing the ancient House of Mercy to a mere infirmary.

Greatham lies in the wide flat lands reclaimed from the mouth of the Tees, which still embouches widely. These lands are celebrated for their good grazing, notwithstanding the smoke they receive from the Hartlepools when the wind is in the north, and the haze and drift of Stockton, with black volumes of stythe from Middlesbrough blast furnaces, when it sets south.

The salt pans of this part of the country have been immemorially famous. At the end of the thirteenth century a salt pan at Hart was granted for the rent of a pair of white gloves. The works of a company whose name is worldwide are at Greatham now, and the great part of the revenue of the hospital comes from this source. Wide, flat, salty marches have ever been ideal for grazing, and here, as at other wide, flat marshy lands, such as those that border the Solway, the grazing is excellent. The rights, let in " gates " or " stints," were ever in high favour. In 1629 the Vicar of Billingham had the choice of a horse gate or cow gate, *i.e.*, right of grazing, together with a sheep gate. Such names as Cowpen in a district of this kind carry their derivation very plainly. One John Bellasis, of Bellasis, near by, exchanged his green pastures at Bellasis for Henknoll, near Auckland. His arms were for long in one of the windows of South Church, Auckland, inscribed with this distich :

" Bellasis, Bellasis daft was thy sowell
When exchanged Bellasis for Henknowell."

This gentleman is said to have had enormous teeth, and been crazy over racehorses, a sufficiently original description !

In the church register of Norton there is an entry :

" Marriage comes in on the 13th of January, and at Septuagesima Sunday, it is out again until Low Sunday, at which time it comes in, and goes not out until Rogation Sunday ; thence it is forbidden until Trinity Sunday, from thence it is unforbidden until Advent Sunday, and comes not in again until ye 13th of January."

This was nearly 300 years ago ; I know not if the parishioners of Norton are still so restricted.

Stockton is undoubtedly not a prepossessing place. Sanderson, writing in the middle of the eighteenth century, says of it, it has risen

" from a little dirty town near the mouth of the Tees, with a few thatched clay houses, and is become a neat, well-built market town driving a considerable trade in lead, butter, cheese, bacon, corn and ale.

The interpolation of " lead " is quaint.

It is a busy industrial place, doing considerable trade with the Cleveland iron fields. This causes a good deal of dirty work.

Stockton once had a castle, which dated from very early days and was destroyed in the Civil Wars.

REDMARSHALL.

The Castle was between the Borough and the river, commanding the passage of the river near the water-gate.

The name of Rowland Burdon is connected with Stockton; one of that name was mayor in 1654. The oldest house in Stockton, called "The Blue Postes," which long stood in the main street, with date 1485 on it, was the family house of the Burdons. The list of mayors goes back to 1495.

It will not be forgotten that the oldest passenger line in the kingdom started at one end in Stockton; its origin has been described in connection with Darlington.

The horse races called by the name of Stockton are really run on the other side of the Tees, near Thornaby, in Yorkshire.

The name of Ritson has long been associated with Stockton. Joseph Ritson, born here 1752, was a distinguished editor of old MSS., and a critic known far beyond his home county.

Stockton, Sedgefield and Darlington make a rough triangle. To the east of the Stockton and Sedgefield road is Wynyard, the chief seat of the Marquess of Londonderry. Sir Hugh Capell, who owned the manor of Wynyard in the reign of

Edward I., had five daughters, co-heiresses, two of whom had the odd names of Laderancia and Orfranca. The estate came to the Stewarts by marriage with the Lady Frances Vane-Tempest, the heiress, in 1819. A large mansion was soon after begun, and burnt down twenty years later, when many valuable paintings and treasures were destroyed. In the present house, which was begun immediately to replace the old one, there is a celebrated statue gallery. The really fine church stands out boldly. Near Sedgefield is the great County Asylum.

The little village of Redmarshall gets its name from the red clay which abounds hereabouts; it means literally "the hill of the red mere."

Nearer to Darlington than Stockton is Sadberge, the one tract of country which originally did not own allegiance to the Bishops within the county. Bishop Pudsey bought it for eleven thousand pounds, and it was merged with the rest. The Hundred of Sadberge was of no small importance, for it included all the land southward to Middleton in Teesdale and Egglestone. The village, now quite insignificant, stands on a slight ridge some two hundred feet in height. Here was

HIGH CONISCLIFFE.

at one time one of the "fourteen castles and manor houses" then owned by the Bishops. The courts and gaol were here also, and it was part of the duty of the tenants to provide for the safe custody of the prisoners.

CHAPTER IX

THE TEES VALLEY

The immense sandy basin of the Tees is contracted at the mouth by Seaton Snook, which hooks round over Greatham Creek. These flat reaches could hardly differ more in character from the rock scenery found higher up.

At Egglescliffe, sometimes called Eaglescliffe, and Yarm, is one of the oldest bridges on the river. The existing bridge was built by Bishop Skirlawe, and it was superseded for a time by a single iron span, which however gave way ignominiously after only two years' use. This word "Eggle," which appears again higher up in Egglestone, signifies a church, and is not connected with an eagle as many people suppose. The prominence of the church on the high green bank above the river is significant of the name.

Old as the Yarm bridge is, it is surpassed by that near Middleton St. George, called Pounteney's Bridge. This is actually the oldest crossing that can be traced on the Tees.

"It may fairly be referred to the Saxon period. No charter reaches its origin but it is named soon after the Conquest in a manner which leaves little doubt of its long anterior establishment."

The road from it leads straight to Sadberge. The foundations of the solid masonry can still be seen when the water is low. There was a chapel on it, where travellers no doubt commended themselves to the care of the Virgin before essaying the perilous robber-infested tracks through Dinsdale woods. Bishop Cosin writes :

"Mr. Hilton's sonne, who brought your letter hither, tells us he was in great danger to be robbed about Darnton (Darlington) and Neasum by thieves and highwayemen, that lay upon the street there, to set upon passengers who they thought carried any money with them—he was putt to ride full speed four miles together to escape them [the thieves] in their pursuit of him."

Dinsdale is so fair, that it was a saying that the vicar ought always to be certain, before making a proposal of marriage, that his desired one had not seen the place, or he would never know whether she had married him for the place or for himself. Francis Place, artist and engraver, whose name is still remembered, was a

native of Dinsdale, his people being owners of the manor.

The blast furnaces near Middleton St. George have certainly done much to dissipate the natural beauty of the scenery.

The long narrow peninsula, pointing southwards, made by the doubling of the Tees, is part of the demesne of Sockburn, though the manor house is across in Yorkshire. The story of the Sockburn Worm is almost as well known, though not so interesting, as that of the Lambton Worm. The Conyers family, for generations associated with Sockburn, produced the hero, "Sir John Conyers, Knt.," who slew the pestilent beast, which had ravaged the countryside, taking toll of life, human and animal. Surtees says it is more difficult to account for the origin of these worm stories than of those of boars. Durham is rich in both. The faulchion, with which the beast was slain, was long held at Sockburn in evidence of the truth of the story. A quaint custom provided that on the entrance of the Lord Bishop to his See over the Tees, the Lord of Sockburn met him and presented him with the faulchion, which was courteously restored. The last time this happened was when Bishop Van Mildert came over the Tees

PIERCEBRIDGE.

by Croft bridge. It was probably not so picturesque an occasion as when Bishop Cosin was the principal actor (August 23rd, 1661).

"As soon as he came in sight of the banks the trumpetts sounded, and the gentry, with the troops of horse, all in one body, judged to be about a thousand, moved into the midst of the river, where, when my lord came, the usual ceremony of delivering a great drawn faulchion was performed."

Not a stone remains of the original Neasham Abbey, which once housed a community of nuns. Very few historical references remain either. The lovely spot, secluded and fruitful, is in the happy position of having no history.

The vicarage and church of High Coniscliffe stand on the top of a boss of cliff most striking in character. The stone looks as if it had been scarped to serve as a fortification. With High Coniscliffe the beauties of Teesdale above Darlington may be said to begin. The succession of pretty little villages lying all along, within a mile or two of each other, attracts artists year by year so that Piercebridge or Gainford are well known by sight to hundreds who have never visited them. Piercebridge, with its village-green and its white

and sandy washed houses, presents any number of corners and angles for sketching. It was a Roman station; a great number of Roman coins and remains have been found here.

Gainford was held by the Baliols, whose history is noticed under Raby. It is a larger place than its neighbour, and the houses, running along on different levels or terraces, show up very effectively. As in so many other instances stones of Roman workmanship have been found built into the church.

"The dance on Gainford Green" is referred to by Scott in "Rokeby." There is a very fine Jacobean house in the village, built by one of the Cradock family. It gives just that touch needed to make a perfect village scenically.

Whorlton lies opposite to Wycliffe, a name not very clearly associated with the great reformer. Whorlton Hall is held by the Headlams, a good old Durham name; it is curious that the family does not seem ever to have held the manor of Headlam near by.

The scenery of the Tees thus far has been rather of the fine and sweeping order than rude and grand. The little white houses of Lord Barnard's farms stud the slopes on the

RABY CASTLE BY MOONLIGHT.

Durham side, and there is an openness most invigorating.

In a book like this there is no room to expatiate on the ancient history of Barnard Castle, which has been so much written about elsewhere. The ruined castle, a magnificent pile, stands high above the river. It was built early in the twelfth century by Bernard Baliol, and in old writings is termed Bernard's Castle. It was held by this family until John Baliol, having been assisted to the Scottish throne by Edward of England, threw off his fealty, whereupon his estates were confiscated. It is rather a remarkable circumstance that both the Scottish claimants should have held north-country estates in England; we have already met with Bruce at Hartlepool.

Barnard Castle should be seen on a market day, Wednesday, to get the full flavour of this distinctive north country town. You drop down into it steeply and, rounding a corner, come into the main street, stacked up with country carts and shrewd men and women, their faces rosy with the sharp winds. At one end is the round market-house, with fresh country butter from the green Teesdale uplands, eggs in any quantity, and Cotherstone cheeses to melt in the mouth.

Through the archway and yard of the King's Head Inn you can pass to a vast area covered with the ruins of the grey Castle, dismantled nearly 300 years ago. The great round tower uprearing itself at one end is a noticeable feature in every picture of it. The whole ruin is best seen from the river, where the precipitous heights on which it is planted can be appreciated.

The way to the river runs through a street, incredibly narrow, at right angles to the main street.

One of the most interesting relics in the town is the old house, "Blagrove's," opposite the Post Office. It is Jacobean in appearance, but was in existence in 1648, when Oliver Cromwell stayed in it as the only inn in the town.

The bridge still shows a date 1569, but this must mean a rebuilding, as there was certainly a bridge here long before this.

It is difficult, especially near Barnard Castle, to separate the interest of the northern and southern sides of the rushing brown Tees. The near neighbourhood of Rokeby draws at least as many people as the ruined castle, and others who would never go to the place at all pass through on their

way to High Force, the Cauldron Snout and other scenic beauties of the higher Tees.

The county generally is rather bare and wild, stretching up ever more sombrely to the brown moors.

The little village of Stainton, about a mile north, is noted for its quarries of limestone, with which so many famous places have been reared. Beyond that again, midway between Barnard Castle and Raby, is another of those fine old country mansions scattered in such lavish fashion over the northern counties. This was the true home of the Bowes, whose name is found in so many title-deeds in this neighbourhood as well as in connection with estates in other parts of England. Leland says :

" The Bowes were gentillmen in the Bishoppricke of Durham long before Henry the 5 tyme, and had the chief land and howse of their name that they have there yet. One of this house called Syr Gul. Bowes was chaumbrelayne with the Duke of Bedeforde, brother to Henry the 5 and uncle to the 6, and protector and Gouvernor in Fraunce, by whose favour Bowes, caullid in Frenche Mounseer de Arches, being in Fraunce with hym a XVII years, waxid riche, and coming home augmentid his lande and fame. Bowes of the Kinges Counsel at Yorke is a younger brother

of the chief house of the Bowes, and Bowes that was in Fraunce was great grauntfather to this Bowes of the Counselle; and he is also uncle to best of the Bowes that now is."

Ralph Bowes presented Queen Elizabeth with a cap of purple velvet with buttons of gold and a white feather, and, again, a hat of "tawney taphata" embroidered with scorpions and decorated with seed pearls.

A daughter of the house of Bowes was the first wife of John Knox, whom she had met at Berwick-on-Tweed; she bore him two sons, who died without leaving descendants.

The name is now preserved in Bowes-Lyon, the family name of the Earl of Strathmore, present owner of Streatlam by the marriage of the heiress of the Bowes in 1761, to John Lyon, Earl of Strathmore. The Duchess of York has descent from this ancient house.

The church at Staindrop was rebuilt by the Earl of Westmorland as a collegiate foundation in 1412, and is a fine specimen of Perpendicular work. As might be supposed, its aisles are peopled with the effigies of the Nevilles, to whom belonged the great house of Raby adjoining. The magnificent tomb of Ralph, first

Earl, and his two countesses overshadows all others.

The history of the Nevilles is interwoven with the history of England. A little of it we have come across in Durham itself. This Earl was grandson of Ralph, Lord Neville, whose tomb is in Durham Cathedral. It was from his second marriage with the daughter of the Duke of Gaunt that the great houses of Salisbury and Warwick sprang.

The sixth Earl of Westmorland, who descended from the first marriage, espoused the cause of Mary of Scots, and was attainted and died an exile in Flanders.

The estate of Raby, being thus forfeited, was claimed by the Bishops of Durham as the right of the See, as it had been given to them by King Canute " to have and to hold for ever " ; moreover, the Earls of Westmorland had held it from the Church of Durham at an annual rent of four pounds and a buck ! But the Bishops had no chance against the Crown, from whom it was bought by Sir Harry Vane, whose grandson was created Baron Barnard. Subsequent titles of the Earl of Darlington and Duke of Cleveland granted to his descendants having died out, the heir of

an older branch, by whom the title of Lord Barnard alone was held, came into possession on the death of the last Duke of Cleveland.

A castle has stood on this site since 1131, but it was in 1379 that John, Lord Neville, built the splendid pile which encloses two courtyards of vast size. The front was altered and redecorated by Inigo Jones, but otherwise the castle is a very perfect sample of its style, and far the finest castle within the borders of Durham.

In approaching it, we sweep through the park, where are still herded some of the north country Red deer, and pass through an embattled gateway, then under the Neville Tower by a vaulted tunnel seventy feet in length. This leads into the paved courtyard. From here, through the high doors set in the wall opposite, it is possible to drive into the great hall and verily through it, coming out into the drive beyond.

The irregularity of the battlemented and turreted grey buildings grouped around the courtyard make them impossible of general description. They can only be described in detail, as has been done many a time in guide-books and architectural tomes, and this is not a book for detail but for general impressions. The

vast spaces of the high arched hall with its pillars; the fine oak staircase, the Barons' Hall above on the first floor, 126 feet long, where the great balls are held, and where, in the extravagance of the "grand" age, seven hundred retainers were fed at one sitting, are no less memorable than the Servants' Hall which, with its deeply embrasured windows running up into the curved roof, suggests a monastic refectory.

Raby is mentioned as early as the reign of King Canute, who had a residence at Staindrop. Throughout the ages the splendid pile has been visited by successive monarchs, including James I. who, when the owner, Sir Harry Vane, said deprecatingly, in Oriental fashion, the Castle was a "mere hillock of stone," replied: "Ca' ye that a hillock of stone? By my faith I have not such another hillock of stones in my dominions."

Beyond Barnard Castle, the road running on the south or Yorkshire side of the river, usurps most of the villages, until we reach Middleton-in-Teesdale, celebrated for its lead mines. At Middleton the railway ends, and thenceforth the road grows wilder and wilder.

Middleton, Bollihope and Langdon Common, with the lesser names of Ettesgill and Newbiggin,

rising to some couple of thousand feet in height, show some of the wildest country yet left in England. This forms the watershed between Tees and Wear. The whole way up from Middleton, the river has carved for itself a deep bed in the basalt, and numerous queer tricks of undercutting and chasms give it a character of impish mischief. At Winch Bridge this tendency is well seen from the suspension bridge, for the rocks below are cut and carved grotesquely. The brown water looks like clear jelly, so solemnly it slips through its steeply-cut canyon. The peculiar feature of High Force is that the current splits into twin falls on each side of a square-headed mass of rock which exhibits a variety of strata as if built up for students in a geological museum. The upper part is basalt, and the lower limestone, and the squared blocks and vertical and horizontal lines give the impression of a giant's workmanship; as an old writer would say, "Wondrously and artificially made."

The way down to the Falls has been well laid out, with rock-cut steps and terraced paths, and lies through a tree-clothed glen across which a tiny stream breaks its way over mossy stones in a fairy dell absurdly attractive in comparison with

WITTON CASTLE.

the stern and mighty fall of the river. On the ledges of the river cliffs rust-brown and vividly green ferns hang side by side from the grey-green rocks over the swirling cataract which hurls itself down in a smother of that cream-coloured foam peculiar to moor water. The fascination of it lies in the sharp contrast between the eternal flux of the stream and the stability of the surrounding rock. The Tees has a way of rising swiftly and without sign, in a " bore " or wave, which sweeps down after some cloud burst in the higher reaches. So sudden is it that a man fishing on the midmost block has been caught and carried to his death, and on one occasion, not so long ago, a fisher here who, luckily for himself, was standing on the one sharp small boss which rises from the irregular platform at the summit, was surrounded, and had to cling on expecting to be momentarily engulfed until the flood lowered again. In the twinkling of an eye, in the turning of a head, the rushing wall of water may be over the great buttress, but only about once in fifty years does it swallow this topmost boss of all, the button on the mandarin's cap.

Six miles higher is the almost equally famous Cauldron Snout, and this is more difficult of access,

because there is no road leading to it, and it has to be reached on foot.

After High Force, the river leaves the road, bending southwards, and then again, taking a decided turn away. Just where it receives the Maize Beck, Cauldron Snout is formed, there is a long canyon in the rocks, ending in a foaming fall with the waters broken and split by the obstacles in its way. But this is not the Snout. The canyon is about 200 feet long, and the flood pours through it to the " weel," a winding lake, terminating in a long-pointed end, which pierces the heather-covered moorland and forms the " Snout " proper. Cronkley Fell, celebrated for its gentians, towers overhead, and Mickle Fell, which has the honour of being the highest land in Yorkshire, keeps it company. Down their sides race innumerable becks, or as some are called hereabouts " sikes." Grain Beck runs into Maize Beck, and it is curious to speculate what gave rise to such names in this unlikely quarter. Grain could never grow on the bogs and hillsides, which rise in brown and purple wastes all round. Some foot-tracks go across to Weardale; the shorter passing over Langdon Common, rises over 2,000 feet. This leaves the main western road within two miles of the county border.

CHAPTER X

WEARDALE

As already noted, the Bishops hunted the roe deer in the Forest of Weardale. It ceased to be used for sporting purposes in 1476. Deer parks had been made at Stanhope and Wolsingham, however, and thus the deer were kept alive longer than they might have been. The Wear was once famous for salmon, though whether they ever got so far up as this we do not know. They must be bold salmon indeed to penetrate past the industrial district at the mouth of the river nowadays.

Weardale has through the centuries been noted for its lead mines, at first casually worked, and later more systematically developed. At the beginning of the nineteenth century there were over eighty lead mines in this part. These are all gone now.

One of the most interesting historical associations of Weardale is of the time when Edward III., newly become king, and very young, went hotfoot to seek the Scots, who, under the command of

Lord James Douglas, had come south on one of their periodical ravaging expeditions.

Strange as it seems, Edward could not find them, and offered a reward of £100 to any one who would discover where they were. This was won by one Rokeby, of the family of Rokeby, famous in the history of the county, and soon to take a leading part in the great fight of the Red Hills, where the power of Scotland was smashed for many years to come.

Rokeby led the English up Weardale until they were opposite the Scots' camp (below Stanhope), with the Wear between. But the Scots were strongly entrenched on rising ground, and presented a bristling front of spears and arrows to any enemy temerarious enough to try to ford the river beneath them. For three days the two armies held each other in check thus. Then the Scots moved up higher, and the English followed, still keeping to the other bank. On a moonless night Douglas actually penetrated the English camp and got off safely, though he was discovered and had to hack a way out. But still nothing effective was done. After more days of watching, the English, who had been warned by a Scottish straggler that there was to be an attack that

night, sat close, only to discover in the morning the Scots had abandoned their camp in the night and retreated, leaving but two trumpeters to mock them! When the young king realised that the prisoner had allowed himself to be caught by order, he burst into tears with annoyance and chagrin.

The dreary triangular platform of Bishop Auckland is a prelude which has always to be faced in going up Weardale by train, a prelude sufficient to deter many people, who cannot believe in the wild beauty beyond. Weardale has no detail to show so fine as High Force, but the general character of the valley, with large clumps of trees set about the uplands and the leaping, dancing river below, is less bare and more attractive than the better-known Teesdale.

Witton Park and Castle were early associated with the name of Eure, Sir Ralph Eure being given permission to embattle his house here in 1410. Most of it was destroyed by fire, but the castle of the Chaytors is a fine building, and more imposing than rebuilt castles usually manage to be. Its machicolated turrets and battlements and crenellated parapets give a lordly aspect to this large pile.

To the north lie Crook and Tow Law, names associated with all that is abominable in smoke and dirt, but Wolsingham, which faces the wide sweeps of the southerly moors, is a simple, quiet little market town of an old type. Wolsingham is the gate of the finer scenery, and here, with the great steel works, we leave behind the fumes of smoke and breathe the purer air of the uplands. There are several reservoirs up in the hills, from which the Waskerley Beck runs down to join the Wear. The Bishops had at Wolsingham one of their numerous manor-houses, now utterly vanished, and Wolsingham boasts a hermit who was as successful with the wolves as St. Godric of Finchale himself, who, while yet young, visited him here, where he doubtless learnt the method.

Frosterley limestone, known as Frosterley marble, has already been mentioned; it is to be met with in most of the fine buildings in the county, and was used in parts of the Cathedral as well as at Auckland Chapel. The quarries run like a great rampart, for about two miles in a straight line, behind the little place. In front, the piles of thrown-out rubbish are overgrown with grass, and even young firs, up to the point where working still continues.

With Stanhope we get among the "hopes," which here abound. Bollihope, Swinhope, Middlehope, and many another embody the old Celtic word "*hwpp*," a slope or cleft in a hillside, down which a stream runs. Burnhope, Killhope and Wellhope, indeed, form the source of the Wear; and while we are up in these heights it is interesting to note that the little villages of Eastgate and Westgate are supposed to have marked the limits of the Bishops' favourite hunting-ground. Rookhope is a considerable body of water, and comes down at the former place.

The Castle at Stanhope is right in the middle of the town, and is of imposing architecture, but there is not much that is old about it. Not a stone of the thirteenth-century castle remains.

In 1767 "the Town of Stanhope is now but a very poor small Town, where they have the Privilege of keeping a Market on Tuesdays; but it is almost discontinued, though it was deemed of sufficient note to give the title of Earl to the right noble and ancient Family of which are the present Rt. Hon. Earls of Chesterfield and Stanhope. The Rectory of the parish is accounted one of the best in England, whose Value ariseth chiefly from the Tithe of Pig-lead, of which great quantities are cast in this Neighbourhood, which abounds with Lead Mines."

Neither the Earl of Chesterfield nor Earl Stanhope have any connection with the place now, and the markets have long been discontinued.

Joseph Butler wrote his famous "Analogy of Religion" while he was still Rector of Stanhope. He was appointed in 1725, and lived in such retirement that, when his name was suggested for preferment, it was objected in high places that he was dead. The "Analogy" was published in 1736, and then he was appointed Clerk to the Closet. Two years later he became Bishop of Bristol; another two saw him Dean of St. Paul's. In 1750 he was consecrated Bishop of Durham, an office he only lived to hold two years, a space of time evidently a critical factor in his life. He was the son of a shopkeeper at Wantage. The living was at one time worth £8,000 a year. The rectory house is of great size.

In the caves in the hillside around Stanhope many fossil bones and remains of animals have been found.

As the road winds through Eastgate and Westgate little grey houses can be seen, scattered about on the hills, all the way.

The railway goes on past St. John's Chapel to

WITTON-LE-WEAR.

Wearhead, whence the county boundary lies about six miles westward. The stumpy Georgian church at this oddly-named place still has the appearance of a " chapel."

The road attains over 2,000 feet in crossing Killhope Moor, where the three counties of Durham, Cumberland and Northumberland meet.

From Wearhead a road runs over to Allendale. From Stanhope another of these grand hill roads crosses to the head-waters of the Derwent. In these days of high-powered cars such altitudes as 2,000 feet matter little so long as the surface is good.

Weardale Forest has its ghost story. The tale runs as follows :

Bishop Anthony Beck, the proudest and most masterful Bishop in all England, entertained at his table one Hugo de Pountchardon, who had been dimissed from the King's court, and came north to try to gain his bread by cheating and stealing. The Bishop made him chief huntsman of his forest of Weardale until his death.

" After that the Bishop was hunting one day and sodainly met ther with him, Hugh de Pontchardon that was afore deid, on a wythe horse, and the said Hugh looked earnestly on the

Busshop and the Busshop said unto him—' Hughe, what makyth thee here ? ' and he spake never worde but lift up his cloke, and then he showed Sir Anton his ribbes set with bones and nothing more—and ye said Hughe went his way, and Sir Anton tooke courage and cheered his dogges. Pountchardon was twice seen after that by simple folk."

> " Black Hugo's voice upon the blast is borne,
> Woe to the wight who shall his ire provoke,
> When the stern huntsman stalks his nightly round
> By blasted ash or lightning shivered oak,
> And chears with surly voice his spectre hound."

The stern forest law ordained that dogs belonging to the serfs and cottagers should be deprived of a claw on a front foot to prevent their chasing game.

CHAPTER XI

THE DERWENT DISTRICT

THERE have always been many Roman Catholics in the County of Durham. Among the oldest-established families, such as the Salvins, the purifying ideas of the Reformation took no hold. Thus it is suitable that one of the finest Roman Catholic colleges in the kingdom should be in County Durham. This is at Ushaw, north-west of the city, and, standing about six hundred feet high, is a conspicuous object, just beyond Bearpark. It is more or less a show place, its architecture and fittings being all that money can make them.

Esh, not far from Watling Street, was originally spelt alternatively, Ash. The village stands on a height, and is surrounded by pits and pit-houses. The old manor-house of Esh, long since fallen to ruin, was a rallying place for some of the Catholic families in the nadir of their fortunes. It was held by the Bulmers, at one time owners of Brancepeth and Middleham.

Cornsay, to the west, lies under the ridge on which Ushaw College stands. The Cornsay almshouses differed in their early regulations from most of such institutions by providing education for poor children as well as sustenance for the aged. Some of the regulations for the schoolmaster are quaint. He was to have the use of one iron bedstead and hangings, one Bible, one Prayer-book, one volume of Hampson's sermons, one volume of Paley's sermons, and the new "Whole Duty of Man." Twice a year he was to receive ten pounds (money) and two stones of good beef or mutton, as well as four stones of wheat-meal.

Witton Gilbert owes its second name to Gilbert de la Ley, who founded here a hospital for five lepers. The hospital stood about a hundred yards north of the church, in a position now marked by a farmhouse.

At Witton Gilbert and beyond grow hollies with red berries on them, in the years when berries appear at all. Those who know anything of holly know there is nothing so inconsequent as its proceedings in this respect. Anyway, in the parts of the country bared of vegetation by the pit-workings such a thing as a holly berry is never

STAINTHORPE-IN-WEARDALE.

seen to gladden a child's eye except in shops. Small wonder, then, that the excursions to fetch in the holly from the Witton Gilbert district before Christmas are those noted in the mind of a child with an undying freshness. The expedition was delightful from start to finish, because it involved going the whole journey, some seven miles or so, in a cart drawn at a foot's pace by a glossy and powerful chestnut horse. Seated upon straw, and watching the world slowly wheel past, after a very early start, was something so out of the common as to be most exciting. The endless fir trees, stretching in long, straight avenues carpeted with pine needles, always dry and always emitting a delightful fragrance, were hardly less fascinating than the rarely seen squirrels. Crowning joy of all was the lunch taken at the hut of the woodman, who bore an ancient and honoured Durham name, Anthony Surtees. May God rest him as the friendliest, honestest soul ever put in charge of unruly children ! If the coming home again, very tired, accommodated more or less among prickly holly that had the power of penetrating any number of sacks, was not quite so delightful, it was at all events that note of contrast which ever marks the purest joy.

The railway line from Witton Gilbert is the one that runs up through Lanchester to Consett.

Lanchester was another of the many collegiate churches to be met in Durham. Among other regulations laid down for the conduct of the Vicar-Chaplains in 1293 is that they should not

"brawle or chide in the quiere or without; but let them keep silent; not moringe, gaynsayinge or contending with one another; neyther yett laughing, fleering, staring nor casting vagabond eyes towards the people remayning in the same church."

The distinctive feature of Lanchester is the Roman station, which, unlike that of Chester-le-Street, is quite apparent, standing 200 feet above the village. The camp is the finest not only in the county, but, some say, in England. Some time ago it was overgrown with brambles and thorns, and the sides, sloping downwards, were not very striking, but it has now been cleared, and forms a plateau of considerable size, down the side of which the road from Weardale steeply drops. The stonework, however, has almost disappeared, having been conveniently quarried out by the people of the neighbourhood for the building of houses, bridges,

and other works of utility. The camp itself is remarkable and well worth the study of those whose taste lies in the direction of antiquities of the kind. It stands just at the junction of Watling Street and Wrekin Dyke. Watling Street ran over the high grounds to Ebchester, and thence to the Tyne. The Wrekin Dyke led, by Kibblesworth, over Gateshead Fell to the mouth of the Tyne.

As might be expected, the Lanchester houses, grouped around the spacious green, are neat and well built, being of fine stone.

Quite near Lanchester is the Ford, better known as Greenwell-Ford, from the home of the Greenwells, who are perhaps more scattered over Durham than any other family. Surtees speaks of them as "indigenous." The first Greenwell he records was of Stobilee, in the parish of Lanchester, in 1503, and the last, Dr. William Greenwell, F.R.S., born 1819, though at the time of Surtees' death he was still but a schoolboy.

Here we are in the hills, and the roads, coming up out of Weardale and dropping down to the Valley of the Derwent, are very steep.

The enormous industrial district of Consett, extending far to Leadgate, bids fair to rival

Middlesbrough. With a population of over 16,000 already, it will become the iron metropolis of the north.

The Consett Iron and Steel Works have already been mentioned as one of the largest of their kind. Situated amid what would naturally be the most beautiful scenery is a vast area covered with the regulation houses of those connected with the industry, while the blast furnaces flare above them by day and night like the pillar of fire that led the Israelites, and pour forth the fumes inseparable from their activities.

Not far off is Crook Hall, where Thomas Baker, the antiquary, was born in 1656. He, refusing to take the Oath of Allegiance to William and Mary, was deprived of his living, and retired to St. John's College, Cambridge, of which he was a Fellow. Here he continued his beloved pursuits peacefully, though on the accession of George I. he was deprived even of his Fellowship. He wrote a history of the college which had sheltered him, and left behind him forty-two volumes of MS. notes, of which the greater part are in the Harleian Collection of the British Museum. He belonged to the family of the Bakers of Elemore.

At Shotley Bridge, on the Derwent, was an

establishment for the making of swords, which flourished during the eighteenth century. This was run by Germans, who got their patterns from Solingen. Even now, blades with the name of this firm on them can be found, and one is preserved in the Black Gate Museum, Newcastle. The name of Mohll is the first in connection with this manufactory, but it is less well known than that of Oley, a partner, who seems to have held the business a long time. The Cutlers' Hall (1787), a house where Oley once lived, has now been cut up into cottages. The single-span bridge at Shotley has been a familiar detail in pictures down many generations. The river has carved a channel through the hard millstone grit which shows sharply in many a scarped grey cliff. Here and there in the bed of the stream may be seen even round holes where millstones have been cut out. Both Shotley and Ebchester are favoured in the matter of natural scenery, despite the paper mill of the one and the modern houses of the other. One of these new terraces at least keeps alive old memories by bearing the name "Vindomora," the name of the Roman camp at Ebchester. The church is said to be on its site, and a fine Roman altar stands beside it, with other

Roman remains incorporated in its walls. St. Ebba founded a convent here in A.D. 660. The peculiarity of the church is the added tower standing beside the small, ancient bell-gabled end of the church. There are many "bell gable" churches in the county. John Lough, the sculptor, was born at Greenhead, some three miles west.

At Medomsley, in 1757, died Dr. Christopher Hunter, another of those painstaking antiquaries in which Durham has been so peculiarly rich.

"In his person he was slender and well-formed, somewhat above the middle-size; extremely neat and plain in his dress, and of mild and conciliating manners. His life was a pattern of simple and inflexible integrity, and his remarkable moderation in respect of his professional fees and his extreme disinterestedness in all matters of worldly economy kept him poor. In his diet Dr. Hunter observed the strictest temperance. After his first settling in the country [his ancestors had been connected with Medomsley since 1584] he had occasionally indulged in conviviality; a severe fall from his horse after an excess of this sort produced an entire reform; he determined on his recovery never to taste anything stronger than water, and to the end of his life he persevered most religiously in this resolution. Therefore his age was as 'a lusty winter, frosty but kindly.' To supply the want of fermented liquors he had recourse to the somewhat immoderate use of coffee, drinking

frequently twenty-four cups in a day. To this practice were probably owing the slight epileptic fits to which he was subject." (SURTEES.)

His collection of coins is in the Dean and Chapter library, as well as some of his MS. collections. Much of his valuable local knowledge is embodied in works nominally compiled by others.

R. S. Surtees, author of "Jorrocks," "Handley Cross," "Ask Mama," and other immortal sporting books, succeeded to Hamsterley Hall, which lies in the trees beyond Ebchester, in 1838. He was even then known as a writer of wit and distinction on his special subject, having published "The Horseman's Manual" and papers in the *Sporting Magazine*, the new edition of which he afterwards edited. He was fast friends with Ralph Lambton, and it was with the famous Lambton foxhounds he gained his hunting lore. A bridge in the demesne is called "Handley Cross." It bestrides the water coming down from Pontop Pike.

The great common of Muggleswick embraces the source of the River Derwent. There is no suggestion as to the origin of this extraordinary name; in fact, derivations for place-names in Durham are singularly lacking. The Priors of

Durham held Muggleswick in the time of the Boldon Book, and for long after. They made there a park and hunting lodge, and Surtees says that in his time part of the building and park wall could be seen.

Edmondbyers, adjoining, is often mentioned in the old histories, and the name of the earliest rector, Richard de Kirkeby, occurs in 1275. In 1661 the then rector, John Durie or Dury, who had held his position thirty-one years, petitioned the Dean and Chapter to hold a court there for correcting abuses in

"the non-attendance at divine service, neglected for private meetings and conventicles; ill-observance of boundaries and commons; and for the restoration of a road, which late belonged to the parsonage house for the use of sheep grazing in the churchyard."

This is rather amusing taken in connection with a petition to the House of Commons from the inhabitants of Muggleswick that they might have another preacher, not John Dury, whom they knew, as their pastor.

"Then with all our soules we besought him [one of the Prebends] that we might be exempted of that Duery, because we knew him to be no

preacher, and his life and conversation scandalous, and had two places at that present already, as we told him,—and yet that aspiring Prebend (whose lifeless conscience we leave to your censure) replyed that they had once authorised him, and wee neither could nor should depose him."

Hunstanworth is divided from Blanchland, in Northumberland, only by an arbitrary line, the Derwent ceasing any longer to perform the function of a boundary. In the companion book to this, on Northumberland, Blanchland is described as perhaps the quaintest and most mediæval village in England, which certainly cannot be said of Hunstanworth.

The valley of the Derwent is fine all through, and forms a favourite playground for the people of Newcastle and the Tyne Valley generally. It abounds in legendary tales of murders, devils, witches and such lively subjects. The special giants were three brothers, Cor, Ben and Con, from Corbridge, Benfieldside and Consett, or, as another version has it, Mug, Ben and Con, Muggleswick taking the place of Corbridge. These three possessed but one hammer between them, which each from his height would throw across the intervening country when required. Bad shots

are responsible for some of the curious dents or wrinkles in the folds of the hillsides.

Further down, at Rowlands Gill, a whole new residential town is springing up, for the most part of concrete red-roofed bungalows. These look across at the beautiful wooded grounds of Gibside, where is the fine old seventeenth-century house, once a favourite seat of the Bowes family (whom we met on the Teeside), and now the property of the Earl of Strathmore. The grounds are laid out in formal style, as at Hampton Court, and the Doric column which overtops the woods is in the same taste. The woods, which are noted for their holly and yew, rise steeply from the chiselled bed of the river, and various details, such as the Gothic banqueting house, the chapel, and the ruins of the house of Hollinside, make objects of attraction to numerous visitors. Hollinside has little history, but the walls are of great thickness. Local tradition has it that it was built by one of the giants who used to dwell hereabouts. It took its name from its original owners.

The special boast of Gibside is that Turner stayed here and painted two pictures of the characteristic scenery.

The Merleys held Gibside until 1540, when it

passed, by the marriage of the heiress of the house, Elizabeth, to Roger Blakiston. In 1713 his descendant, Sir Francis Blakiston, died, leaving an only daughter and heiress, Elizabeth, who had married Sir William Bowes, of Streatlam Castle. The grandson of this pair was the first Earl of Strathmore. It is no wonder that the name Elizabeth is kept up in the family; in our own day it is borne by another daughter of the house, who, by her marriage, has become daughter-in-law of the King himself.

The best point of view for seeing the house is from Bryan's Leap, on a height above the vale where it stands. There is no legend accounting for this name, but one of Turner's paintings was taken from this view-point.

All the high ground to the eastward of this, lying between it and the River Team, which flows directly northward into the Tyne, is broken up by coal-pits, and in the old records there is constant mention of the rights of these delvings. Bishop Morton claimed the mines in the "wastes and commons" of Tanfield; his claim was disputed by a Colonel Wray, and in the course of the contest one of Wray's sons was unfortunately killed.

In Tanfield church is one of those curious inscriptions, so sincere and so full of bathos which mark the seventeenth century :

" Under this hard marble lies closed in clay
The corps of that worthy Knight Sr William Wray
He sent five babes to glory his way to prepare
Moe two sones two daughters of vtues rare,
Behind him he left his death to bemone
Dame Jane, his wife, three sones, daughters one,
In life, a loving husband a father deere
The poore man's comfort now lyeth here
To all a realle friend, a foe to none,
I hope to AEternal Life his soule is gone."

There is no imputation intended about the five babes, though it certainly leaves that impression.

The King's army encamped near the church at Whickham when the Scots under Lesley lay at Newburn, and

" on their crossing the Tyne to attack the King's army, the latter fled with such precipitation that they fired their tents, this fire communicated with a small seam of coal, which burned for several years, and at night flames issued from different parts of the village and grounds adjoining." (SURTEES.)

Any one who has had to deal with a " gob " fire underground knows how hard it is to stifle this sort of thing once it gets hold, but in this

case the seam must have been absolutely on the surface.

In connection with Whickham we learn incidentally that the tenant had to lead the Bishop's goods southwards from Gateshead to Durham, and northwards to Bedlington, and had to cart one tun of wine annually, and for every horse employed in such carriage he was allowed to deduct twopence from his rent.

Where the Derwent joins the Tyne at Swalwell, are large ironworks, but, on the west side of the Derwent, Axwell has ever been noted for its excellent pasturage, the fields there being called "the great summer pasture" and "the fatting field" in very old documents.

It is quite impossible in a book such as this to mention all the stately mansions owned by settled Durham families. Even in such a district as the coalfields of Stanley there is Beamish Hall, and here we have Axwell Park, the newer house being on the east side of the river.

As before stated, the Derwent is not the county boundary all the way; a triangular portion of Durham lies to the west of the junction of the rivers, and this is bounded by Stanley Burn as far as Wylam-on-Tyne.

The principal place in this triangle is Ryton, which carries in its prefix the same syllable as Ryhope, Rydal and many another name; "ry" means water, and it will invariably be found at places where there is water. In the three cases cited, river, sea and lake show three distinct forms of it.

Surtees speaks of Ryton thus:

"A handsome village seated in a fair, fertile widened vale, where the Tyne flows broad and clear, free from the impurities of trade and manufacture which darken his downward course."

The older part of the village of Ryton is still truly delightful, and it is with something like a shock of pleasure the newcomer climbs upward from the station, leaving behind the low-lying banks of the river and the chimneys opposite, and plunges into a richly wooded dell where fine trees grow, and the verdure is as lush and green as if there were no smoke within a hundred miles. On the crest of the hill the noble church and fine old rectory house stand together. By the church is an unmistakable green tumulus.

The church is early thirteenth century, and has an original feature in the tall lead spire, quite unlike any other in the diocese. The whole

church belongs to one period, including the spire, of which the parishioners are justly proud. The proportions within are those to be found in churches of this date, when artistic perception was true because of its very simplicity, and in form and size were recognised elements of artistry which required no ornament to call attention to their beauty or hide their defects.

The church has often been described, but, singularly enough, the rectory house, which is a far greater rarity, has been passed by without a word of notice, or ascribed wholly to the rebuilding of Dr. Fenney, Rector in 1709. The real date is 1490, and the mansion can take rank not only as the finest rectory house existing, but with the best among the mansions of the landed gentry. It is true that Dr. Fenney largely reconstructed it, but there are features that go back long before his time, such as the two early Tudor windows in the west front, overlooking the walled garden. The stone-paved hall and moulded stone fireplace also belong to this period, and no doubt a great deal of the finely fitted stonework of the massive walls. The house, facing over the closely grown turf of the lawns eastward, displays two wings and a most striking doorway, and when the door is

opened, and the hall is seen, the promise of the exterior is not belied. The woodwork in stairway and balustrades, arches and beams is finely designed. The balusters are unusual, being in the first flight of a double spiral alternately with a single one. It would take years of expert work to determine by examination the true date of the different details which fit so well together, combining to make this unique rectory house.

There are a few fairly old houses in the village, too, but the part adjoining the main road is of the new age altogether, a thing of abomination to the seeing eye.

The estate and house with the strange name of Stella, close by Ryton, are associated with the Tempests, a family well known in Durham annals. The Tempests acquired Stella at the Dissolution. Before that it had been the property of the Nuns of Newcastle, having been granted to them by Bishop William de St. Barbara, with a triple row of benedictions from St. Cuthbert, Giles and the Bishop, " with a division of curses moving under them (the benedictions) like a running bass all the way." (" Tristram Shandy.")

Stella was the scene of disgraceful rout of the English troops by the Scots, August, 1640. The

Scots planted their cannon in Newburn Church, and forded the river breast-high nearly opposite Stella Hall.

The hall turns its back on the unlovely road and faces park-like rising ground and a dell where trees still grow freely. It is a fine gabled mansion of Jacobean appearance, with wings and flattened battlements.

It was on this part of the Tyne that Sir Ambrose Crawley, or Crowley, established, in 1690, great ironworks marked by special regulations. He is ridiculed by Addison in the *Spectator* as Sir John Anvil,

"who began the world with a small parcel of rusty iron and, being gifted in the acquisition of wealth, was knighted in his thirty-fifth year and, being intent on making a family (with a dash of good blood in their veins), married a woman of fashion who changed his name to Enville and confined her husband to the cockloft when she had visitors of quality."

Notwithstanding this satire, Sir Ambrose provided for his workpeople and their children in a way far in advance of the times. He established schools, gave them free medical advice and pensions for old age and disablement when such things were as yet unknown.

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